



AKWESASNE NOTES

WHERE THE PARTRIDGE DRUMS

Volume 5
Number 1

Circulation:
42,000

Early Winter, 1973
(January)

Teh Free School, Inc.
7130 S.E. 45th Ave.
Portland, Ore. 97206

(forty-eight pages)



— photo by John Bowden/Washington Star
A young participant in the defense, with his weapon



"Indian in distress" and other occupiers in BIA auditorium listen to and instruct negotiators. (UPI photo)

30 Pages Of B.I.A. Takeover News Inside



—photo by Dara Harris/Daily Reg
Karonhianoron, Mohawk Bear Clan Mother, listens intently with others attempting to decide strategies.



— Associated Press
An Indian man, his face swollen from police nightsticks, jokes with Stokely Carmichael, Black activist, at the BIA



Floyd Young Horse



— photo by Pete Schmick, Wash. Star
Margaret Miller, 73, was the only employee of the BIA to show up for work on the fifth day of the occupation. Somehow ending up with a machete in her hands, she told reporters, "I've worked for Indians for thirty years and I'm in support of Indians and their right to be Indian and their right to keep their land and water."



— Associated Press
"Discover America With The First Americans," BIA tourism poster urges as occupation forces relax.

TRAIL OF BROKEN TREATIES



There has been no decision from the U.S. Government in regard to the proceedings it brought to deport, for life, Rarihokwats, the editor of AKWESASNE NOTES.

A hearing was held in Buffalo, N.Y., on October 31, and the special immigration hearings officer reserved his judgment.

At its 71st annual meeting, the Council of the American Anthropological Association (in Toronto, Ontario, on December 1, 1972) adopted the following motion:

Rarihokwats, also known as Jerry Gambill, the editor of the Mohawk newspaper AKWESASNE NOTES has been jailed and threatened with deportation as a Canadian Citizen because of his unauthorized "employment as editor of AKWESASNE NOTES." Recognizing this action as political persecution, the Council of the American Anthropological Association urges that U.S. authorities and particularly the New York State tribal trustees, drop the actions planned against Rarihokwats. We support the struggle of the Mohawk Nation and the Mohawk people to publish freely any material vital to Native American rights and self-determination.

The motion was seconded by Phileo Nash, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the United States.

We are grateful for this support, to Vine Deloria Jr. for his assistance, to Wm. B. Holtz for gaining the support of Senators Edward Kennedy and George McGovern, and to the many, many other people who participate in this newspaper for the overwhelming support.

At the first annual convention of the American Indian Press Association, held in Denver in November, NOTES was doubly honored. Kanatakeniate, an assistant editor and speaker with White Roots of Peace, was elected president of the organization. Also, Rarihokwats was presented with a surprise honor, the Marie Potts Journalism Achievement Award "for outstanding contribution in the field of mass communication among and on behalf of the Native American community." The \$500 prize (which he turned over to the NOTES for publishing costs) was created to honor Marie Potts, California Maidu, who has published *Smoke Signals* for 29 years, and is the grandmother to all Indian journalists.



This paper cannot exist without the support of you — the human being who reads these words now. There are many ways you can keep the paper strong:

- take action on what you read. Write letters, think, give support, lend spiritual strength.*
- send clippings from your local papers. If there is a good photo, ask the photo dept. for the loan of a print. Make sure all clips are dated and source given.*
- send your own materials: photographs you have, or can take. Cover an event with your camera. All can be returned upon request.*
- send us articles, essays, editorials, letters-to-the editor, suggestions, cartoons. Cover an event in your area with interviews and on-the-scene report.*
- sell the paper at a powwow, meeting, church, on your reservation, at the Indian center, in bookstores in town and on campus. You send us 35 cents for each paper after and if they are sold.*
- send us mailing lists. We will send sample copies of the next issue. How about a list of all Indian schools? of every family on your reservation? of the members of your organization?*
- let us know of people we should send the paper to — Indians in institutions, friends, anyone who may want to see this paper.*
- check out your school or public library. If they don't subscribe, ask them to do so. If they can, encourage them to send a contribution. Most send \$5.*
- support the paper financially, if you are able. we need money for stamps, printing, typewriter ribbons.*

Everything in this paper came from someone who cared to send it in. And to you all, we are grateful.

DID YOU KNOW...

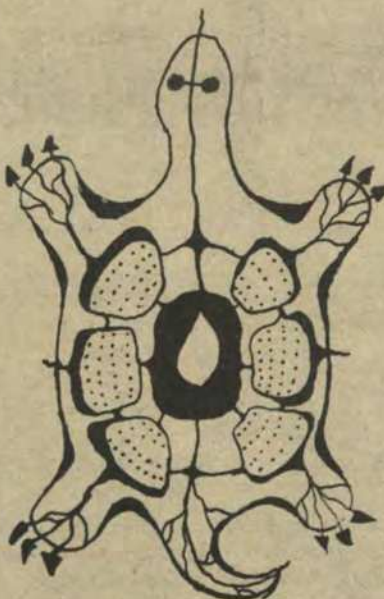
AN EDITORIAL

The controversy over the Trail of Broken Treaties and the BIA takeover in November, 1972, will continue for many years. Much of the dispute will be caused by ignorance of the facts — as well as differences in personal philosophies which will only become more polarized by the events.

No doubt this is a fact of Indian life. The same hysteria of the press reporting the Washington events was present at the Battle of the Little Big Horn — the same denunciation of the "destructive Indians", the demand for punishment, the same ignorance of what the Indians were really fighting for, or the circumstances which led up to the battle.

From the viewpoint of Indian people, however, there are certain facts which should be considered in forming opinions:

1. There is ample evidence that the organizers and participants wanted the event to be peaceful, constructive, and to deal with the main issues: The Twenty Demands.
2. The participants were not militants, so much as concerned Indians — our grandmothers, nephews, daughters, and sons. They came from reservations more than from urban areas.
3. They did not go to Washington to talk about poverty or poor health conditions or cultural loss, but rather they wanted to talk about the causes of these problems. They also had a set of solutions, each point of which should be debated in Congress, replied to by the White House, and studied by every American citizen and every Indian loyal to his own people.
4. The participants are not asking anyone to condone their actions in Washington. However rightly or wrongly those actions might seem in looking back, or from a distance, they seemed to be the only respectable, life-saving actions possible at that time for those who were involved. What is needed is an understanding of why all this happened, rather than a judgment of sins.



Because of the extensive coverage of the Trail of Broken Treaties, many of our usual features and coverage of other important events was set aside for the next issues. Another issue is being prepared NOW — and it will be ready for distribution in early February IF we have enough money for the printing. Those who sell the paper should try to send the money in as soon as possible and those people who have not yet sent in support for 1973 — this would be a good time to start.

Our readers are our only source of finances to cover our costs of almost \$5,000 per issue (printing, postage, supplies, typewriter rental and office overhead. All staff work on a voluntary subsistence basis.)

**\$\$\$ money,
money...**

TO SUBSCRIBE...

There is no fixed subscription rate. But that doesn't mean that the paper is free — it is supported by the readers in the Indian way.

That means some people have lots of money, others have none. If you want the paper, we are glad to send it to you. And if you can help with the costs — or the other necessary things — we will appreciate that. We give what we can, you give what you can — that's the Indian way — make it work.

One of our grandmas said that the BIA is something like a boil. It causes great pain in the area closest to it, but it comes from some sickness or poison away down deep somewhere. And when you break the boil to relieve the pain, it's bound to be messy. Sometimes it goes away, sometimes it comes back someplace else, and sometimes it just won't go away.

The real shame of the Washington events is that Indian/American relations had been allowed to get into such a shape that the destruction of the Bureau could even be conceived. Worse yet is that the American people left the remedy to the Indians, whose numbers, resources, and power have been diminished so drastically by the diseased relationships themselves. It seems shameful that the correction of oppression must be left to the victims.

However, the task at hand now is for the widest possible dialogue on the Twenty Demands. After all, that is what took the Trail to D.C. in the first place.

THIS EDITION OF AKWESASNE NOTES HAS A 30-page section on the Trail of Broken Treaties and the BIA takeover in Washington, D.C. Readers are urged to give this issue the widest possible circulation. It is important that wide discussion be given to the Twenty Demands. It is important that all people — both Indian and non-Indian, know the chain of events that lead up to the takeover — and the destruction — of the BIA building.

Additional copies of this issue have been printed to make bulk distribution possible at a cost of 25 cents per copy in quantities of 20 or more. For \$5, then, a person could give twenty copies to friends, members of clubs, to a social studies class for study. For \$25, a reservation group could see that 100 homes each receive a copy. Funds can be raised to help participating Trail groups by reselling this issue on campuses, on the street, any place, at the usual cover price of 50 cents. Churches with a genuine concern for Indian events could order copies for distribution within the parish.

By whatever means, we urge each person reading this to consider ways by which this message can reach the most possible people.

Prepaid orders may be sent to AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683 for immediate shipment. Please send money with your order — we are glad to send single copies free, but we will need money even to cover postage, printing, etc.

DO YOU HAVE A RED LABEL?

Look at your front-page address label. If it is marked in red, this is the last issue you will receive unless we hear from you. We hope you won't be angry — with no fixed subscription rate, this is the only way we have to clean up the mailing list every so often. This is the month for people whose zip codes begin with 4 and 5, with parts of Ontario, and Africa. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRITE TO US — your name will be re-instated. This is not an appeal for money, although we would appreciate any support you may want to send at this special time.



**AKWESASNE
NOTES**
WHERE THE PARTRIDGE DRUMS

AKWESASNE NOTES is the official publication of the Kanienkahake (Mohawk Nation) at Akwesasne, and includes THE LONGHOUSE NEWS of the Mohawk Nation at Kanawake. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Mohawk Nation.

AKWESASNE NOTES is published twice each season (eight times a year) in January, February, April, May, July, August, October, November, by Wesleyan University, Indian Studies Program, Middletown, Connecticut 06457 (frequency variation application pending.)

Staff for this issue: Rarihokwats, editor; Karoniaktatie and Kanatakeniate, assistant editors; Doug Bradway and Clayton Brascoupe, layouts; Connie Bradway and Lillian, circulation; Kahonhes, art work; Anonsowen-rate, mailing; Carol, correspondence; Sandy, business; plus a cast of thousands: those who assembled calendars, glued on labels, clipped, sorted, sold, bundled, cooked, cleaned, commented, and just plain helped.

Editorial and circulation offices are maintained on the Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne, near Hogansburg, New York, and on the north side of the reservation at Route 3, Cornwall, Ontario.

POSTMASTER: Send form 3579 and all correspondence to:

AKWESASNE NOTES
Mohawk Nation

via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683

Second class postage paid at Massena, New York 13662

Printed at Gouverneur, N.Y., by M.R.S. Printing whose assistance and patience we acknowledge.

telephone (518) 358-4697

AKWESASNE NOTES is a member of the American Indian Press Association (AIPA) and the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS).

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL



This analysis of the beginnings and planning days of the Trail of Broken Treaties caravans is by Richard LaCourse, of the American Indian Press Association News Service, and provides a useful background to the reasons behind the caravans.

The concept for the Trail of Broken Treaties Caravans took shape during the annual late summer festival of the Rosebud Sioux in the third week of August.

There, a number of individuals, some Rosebud Sioux residents, and some members of the American Indian Movement (AIM), discussed continuing failures in the administration of Indian affairs, the upcoming national elections, and the outlines of a truly workable Indian policy on the part of both political parties.

The idea of a convergence upon the nation's capital was discussed and accepted as a reasonable effort to sensitize both the Republican and Democratic parties to the profound problems faced by Indian people, and to exact from them firm pledges for enlightened, immediate changes. But a convergence on the Capitol would require the consent and participation of large numbers of Indian people, solicitation of monies to offset the costs, and additional careful planning. It was decided to meet in Dancer, Colorado, at the end of September.

Following the original discussions in Rosebud country came the disturbing news of the shooting of Mohawk activist Richard Oakes, widely known through Indian America for his work in beginning Indian Studies programs in California, the seizure of Alcatraz Island in 1969, and his efforts to get ancestral lands restored to California tribes, particularly the Pomo and Pit River Tribes. Concerns ran high following Oakes' death.

'Each year, our White intruders become more exacting, oppressive, demanding and overbearing. Wants and oppressions are our lot. Are we not being stripped day by day of the little that remains of our ancient liberty? Unless each tribe unanimously combines to give a check to the avarice and oppressions of the whites, we will become conquered and disunited and we will be driven from our Native Lands and scattered like Autumn leaves before the wind.'

— Tecumseh, 1812

At the end of September, just a week after the Oakes death, about 50 Indians gathered at the New Albany Hotel in Denver to add flesh and bones to the concept of the Indian pilgrimage to the Capitol. There were two orders of business.

The first was the submission of a funding proposal for the sum of \$100,000 to the National Indian Lutheran Board (NILB) to subsidize the planned nationwide convergence. NILB, which for the past two years since its creation had been financially responsive to a wide spectrum of Indian needs, pledged "full consideration" but cautioned they did not have that kind of money available.

The second order of business was to develop the concept, purposes, and structure of the projected action itself, a discussion which took from the evening of Sept. 30 to the evening of October 2.

Eight Indian organizations were active in the planning sessions. These were:

*The National Indian Brotherhood (of Canada)
Native American Rights Fund
American Indian Movement
National Indian Youth Council
National American Indian Council
National Council on Indian Work
National Indian Leadership Training
American Indian Comm. on Alcohol & Drug Abuse*

Four other national groups endorsed the concepts, purposes, and plans for the proposed pilgrimage. These were:

*Native American Women's Action Council
United Native Americans
National Indian Lutheran Board
Coalition of Indian-Controlled School Boards*

It was decided that two co-chairmen would be chosen, as well as an ad hoc treasurer and recording secretary. Co-chairmen selected were Robert Burnette, Rosebud Sioux, past tribal chairman, and past executive director of the National Congress of American Indians (NCAI) and currently director of American Indians and Friends, Inc., and Reuben Snake, a Winnebago from Nebraska, an AIM member and director of National Indian Leadership Training.

Anita Collins, a Paiute-Shoshone from Nevada and AIM national news editor, was elected secretary, and Miss LaVonna Weller, an Oklahoma Caddo and first woman president of the National Indian Youth Council, treasurer.

The participation of the Canadian group added new depth to the discussions. George Manuel, president of the group from the North, said, "Our objectives are the very same as your objectives. In many ways, you are ahead of us in planning and coordination, so your government can see the needs of the Indian people. There is a myth that there are United States Indians and Canadian Indians. That border is artificial, and we still, both of us, believe that we are the owners of this country."

Other discussions looked southward to reports of murders and deaths of Indians in Latin American countries, particularly Brazil.

Bob Burnette cautioned. "The single unknown factor in our effort is the response of our own government. We are asking a halt to violence against Indians in South America, and we are making an offer of Indian assistance to all Native people. We are looking toward a hemispheric alliance of all Native peoples. But we are secure only in our own security — that of trust responsibilities of our respective governments. Our own physical security is another matter.

Finally, the ideas took shape.



The name: Trail of Broken Treaties and Pan American Native Quest for Justice.

The involvement: Planners invited all Indians and spiritual leaders of the Western Hemisphere and Indian-interest groups to participate by their presence, excluding all persons who would "cause civil disorder, block traffic, burn flags, destroy property, or shout obscenities in the street."

The structure: Eleven committees were created on an ad hoc basis to handle publicity, funding, route planning, housing, media, drums and singers, entertainment, medical needs, congressional contacts, emergency legal needs, and accreditation of participants.

A final schedule of events for the week preceding the national elections in Washington, D.C., would be set when three auto caravans departing from Seattle, Washington, and from San Francisco and Los Angeles, California, would arrive in St. Paul, Minnesota, on October 23. There, a position paper defining Indian needs in relation to the federal government would be prepared. Then the Caravans would participate in the annual Wild Rice Festival of the Anishinabe.

The enterprise was conceived as a spiritual undertaking. According to a public statement prepared by the planning session, each of the three caravans would cross historic locales such as the Sand Creek and Wounded Knee massacre sites and there prayers would be offered for the living and the dead.

"Each trail will be led by spiritual leaders who will carry the Sacred Peace Pipe and Drum," said a statement from the group. "Every drum will beat day and night, reminding Americans of the treaties and every peace pipe smoked will remind America and history of the manner in which the treaties were signed."

When the planning sessions concluded, co-chairman Bob Burnette said:

"We should be on our finest behavior. We must ban all alcohol and drugs, with expulsions guaranteed to violators. If we can't take all the poor and the elderly and the despairing with us, then they should be with us in our minds. Today, Indian identity is defined and refined by a quality and a special degree of suffering. The Caravan must be our finest hour."



On October 6, caravans left Seattle, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Places like the Augustana Lutheran College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, helped make hospitality arrangements for the travellers.

One meeting point was to be St. Paul. There they would attend a national convention of the American Indian Movement, hosted by the St. Paul chapter where Eddie Benton serves as executive director. A meeting of minds on the basic schedule and a set of goals would be drafted there, and then on October 27, a huge international powwow was set up for three days — then on to Washington.

Another caravan left Oklahoma on October 23, retracing the steps of the bitter and infamous Trail of Tears, recalling the event of 1838 when tribes of the southeast were uprooted to give place to white settlers. This forced march under military custody moved Indians from Georgia to Oklahoma, with literally thousands dying en route of cold, hunger, and fatigue.

Once in Washington, organizers said, there might be 150,000 Indians. They would meet with their area congressmen, maybe even candidates for the presidency. And certainly, they would ask for commitment of Indian support through the news media.

That was what was planned and intended.

THE TRAIL OF BROKEN TREATIES

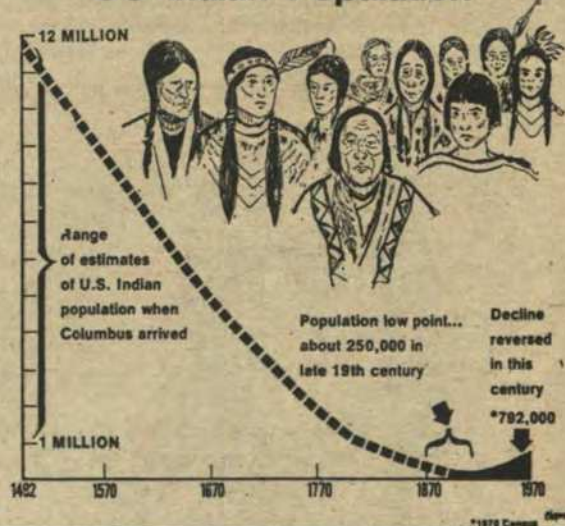
We need not give another recitation of past complaints nor engage in redundant dialogue of discontent. Our conditions and their cause for being should perhaps be best known by those who have written the record of America's action against Indian People. In 1832, Black Hawk correctly observed: "You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it."

The Government of the United States knows the reasons for our going to its capital city. Unfortunately, they don't know how to greet us. . . We go because America has been only too ready to express its shame, and suffer none from the expression — while remaining wholly unwilling to change to allow life for Indian People.

. . . We seek a new American majority — a majority that is not content merely to confirm itself by superiority in numbers, but which by conscience is committed toward prevailing upon the public will in ceasing wrongs and in doing right. For our part, in words and deeds of coming days, we propose to produce a rational, reasoned manifesto for construction of an Indian future in America. If America has maintained faith with its original spirit, or may recognize it now, we should not be denied.

press statement issued October 31, 1972

US Indian Population



United, We Put Our Foot On The Trail

"Trail of Broken Treaties" Caravan moves on Washington D.C.



Hardin, Montana

— Native people following the "Trail of Broken Treaties" were refused permission October 13 to erect a cast-iron plaque at Custer National Battlefield as a memorial to the native people who died in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Eldon Reyer, superintendent of the federal historic site said that permission had to come from the regional office of the National Park Service in Omaha.

The plaque is "in memory of our heroic warriors who defended our homes and laws against the United States Government," a spokesman for the group said. David Stewart, chairman of the Crow tribal council, gave the group permission to put up the plaque on tribal land bordering the battlefield as a temporary measure.

The group asked Reyer to obtain the necessary permission, adding that they would be back in a month.

Wounded Knee, South Dakota

About 300 Indians, travelling in an 85 car caravan, stopped off at this site of an 1890 massacre of 150 or more Lakota people by U.S. troops, for religious services.

Afterwards, Dennis Banks, national AIM field director, said that "while AIM detests violence as a means of alerting citizens to Indian needs, it may take another Watts for the U.S. to realize the plight of the American Indians."

He was joined in the statement by Sid Mills, of the Survival of American Indians organization. He is coordinator of the Seattle caravan. They will head across South Dakota to St. Paul to link up with a third caravan.



Topeka, Kansas

About 200 persons gathered to the beat of drums on a cold October 19 in Topeka to hear mutual expression of support for the Trail of Broken Treaties Caravan and the problems of the Prairie Band of Pottawatomie Indians.

The caravan arrived in Topeka from Oklahoma for the meeting on the steps of the Kansas statehouse. The next stop was to be Omaha, Nebraska, then Mankato, Minnesota, St. Paul, and then Washington, D.C.



Mankato, Minnesota

The caravan from Sioux Falls stopped overnight here October 21 on the way to St. Paul. By then, the group had a long line of cars and buses, piled high with luggage and supplies. There were about 300 people.

Russell Means, a leader of this part of the Trail of Broken Treaties, said that the Indians planned to replace a monument in Mankato with one of their own. He said the monument would be a replica of the scaffold used for the hanging of 38 Sioux in what is the U.S.'s largest mass execution.

Means noted that the execution was authorized by Abraham Lincoln the day after he signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

About 100 native people from the Trail of Broken Treaties protested in the corridors of the Minneapolis City Hall and Courthouse against what they called mistreatment of their peoples both by local police and federal government. The protest was aimed mostly at Minneapolis City Police after the arrest of an Indian earlier in the day.

Vern Bellecourt, national director of AIM, told fellow Indians that the man arrested had been roughed up in a typical manner.

While staging a half-hour drumming/singing rally that blocked the sidewalk on Fifth Street, the Indians interrupted with a cheer as they looked across the street where a new city council hall is being built. On a huge beam being hoisted by a crane atop the 20th floor, a workman had lettered in huge yellow letters,

CUSTER HAD IT COMING



—Dennis Magnuson photo
Indian Drums around Father Mississippi in Courthouse

Ponca City, Oklahoma

The Trail of Broken Treaties caravan passed by here on its way to Kansas, stopping long enough to voice support for Osage Indians in a dispute over a newly-passed bill. They expressed solidarity with the Osage Nation Organization in a press conference at White Eagle, just to the south of here.

"October 14 was the darkest day in Osage history," said LeRoy Logan, of Hominy, ONO co-chairman. "On that day, the Senate passed House Resolution 7093 and eliminated 1,115 disfranchised Osage Indians of one-fourth degree Osage blood from sharing in the judgment claim." The measure passed provides a payment of \$12.5 million for land in Kansas that the Osage Nation sold to the U.S.

The resolution provides for payment to be made to Osage Indians on the 1906 rolls. However, the ONO charges the roll consists of miner rights holders only, and eliminated over a thousand Osage people, and included many people of non-Osage blood.

Participants in the caravan say they intend no violence or disruptive acts in Washington after they arrive at the nation's Capitol to bring attention to Indian problems. About 80 participants were travelling in 20 cars.

Washington, D.C.

On October 30, the first contingent of people on the Trail of Broken Treaties arrived in the capital of the U.S. They said, "We come here in peace," and were about 65 in number.

"We want to meet with the people who represent us and we want to show Americans what our culture is all about," said Robert Burnette, Trails co-chairman.

Permits had been granted by the U.S. Park police to erect some 30 "symbolic" tipis in Potomac Park West on the banks of the Potomac River.

"The caravan itself may lack the dramatic character that draws broad public attention at this stage," conceded Sid Mills, a 24-year-old Yakima from Franks' Landing, Washington. "Nevertheless we believe that



Minneapolis, Minnesota

Upon hearing reports from Washington that Harrison Loesch had ordered all government support of the Trail caravan withheld, 200 Indians who had assembled in St. Paul to draw up the Twenty Demands on their leg of the journey crowded into the office of BIA area director Ray Lightfoot to find out if that was true.

Lightfoot was unable to contact Louis Bruce in Washington, but said that he did endorse the concept of the caravan.

While the group was talking with Lightfoot, other protestors took down signs off the walls, and took several paintings and artifacts from a display case in the office. Most of the items were returned after one of the leaders, Vern Bellecourt, became aware of what had happened.

Bellecourt said that the protest was nonviolent, and that vandalism would not be condoned. "You have to understand that these young people have seen our people suffering and the vandalism is caused by the frustration they feel."

One painting which was not taken was the portrait of U.S. President Richard Nixon. However, it was redecorated with a curly mustache, a goatee — and horns.

(Thanks to James Parsons, staff writer for the Minneapolis, Minnesota, Tribune for his October 26 article.)

—AP Wirephoto
Sid Mills, Yakima
from Franks Land-
ing, Washington,
one of the Trail
Caravan leaders



On the Trail: Oklahoma

Carter Camp, a Ponca, and Oklahoma head of the American Indian Movement, told a news conference on the campus of the University of Oklahoma in Norman that the Oklahoma group would join in on the Trail to Washington.

"If it takes a month or two months to get what we want we're going to stay in Washington," Camp said. "We're just not going to put up with the stuff that we have put up with for the past 100 years. We're not going to stand for it anymore."

Pembroke, North Carolina

A group of 150 members of the East Carolina Indians Organization (ECIO) were on their way from Robeson County to Washington, D.C. Carnell Locklear, secretary of the group, said that in addition to supporting the main demands of the Trail of Broken Treaties, the Tuscarora delegation would also meet with various government officials around their specific needs.

The group had just recently spent two days of protest with the Robeson County School Board, and said that the results were the beginning of a "new deal" for Indians of that county.

it can be the beginning of an educational process among Indian people which can produce a reasoned, rational, revolutionary (if you will) manifesto for construction of an Indian future in America."





Welcome To Washington

November 2: "The Caravan has arrived."

The caravan arrived just before dawn — all four miles of it. In the vanguard was a pickup truck emblazoned with signs on the sides that declared, "Trail of Broken Treaties." A dusty chartered bus from Oklahoma filled with families and young people carried a banner that proclaimed, "Pawnee Indian Movement." A sign on another bus declared, "Sisseton-Wapeton Sioux."

They had asked for a police escort to their destination, but it had been refused. However, instead of driving directly to St. Stephen's Episcopal Church where they were due to sleep, the caravaners decided to greet the President of the U.S., and drove through downtown Washington, past the White House, and on to Capitol Hill, horns blowing and all traffic stopped.

They stopped at the White House at about 6 a.m., and sang a "victory song" accompanied by a six-man drum. After that, they had their police escort.

People's Involvement Corporation, a Black community organization, had loaned its large building, a former bakery, to the Caravan, and supplied the bulk of the food for the first arrivals.

The sleepy group headed to the basement of the church to sleep, but they were confronted with a problem they hadn't anticipated: rats.

Their welcoming group had been cooking for a day before the caravan arrived, all kinds of food. And the smell must have wafted throughout the city, attracting every rat in Washington to the basement, even upstairs in the pews.



"We're not going to take this lying down."

One of the first thing that Trail of Broken Treaties organizers found out was that their request to hold religious services at three Arlington Cemetery sites was rejected because it conflicted with regulations prohibiting any services "closely related" to "partisan activities."

Several thousand Indians were already in Washington — and about 2,000 more were expected to arrive in two separate caravans from North Carolina and from St. Paul.

Robert Burnette, former tribal chairman of the Rosebud Sioux tribal council and a co-chairman of the Trails organizing committee had said that while the demonstrators "will come in peace," he said that the Army ban may change the mood.

"We're not going to take this lying down at all," Burnette said. "This is our country. We were here first, and we expect to be able to use it. If we are mistreated like this, we will realign our thinking, too."

Terry Sidley, an attorney for the Native American Legal Defense and Education Fund, filed a suit in U.S. District Court today for an injunction to prevent the Army from banning the services.

The Indians had requested authorization to hold "spiritual religious services" at the gravesites of Ira Hayes, a Pima from Arizona who participated in the dramatic flag-raising effort at Iwo Jima, and of Sgt. John Rice, a Winnebago from Nebraska who was refused burial in Sioux City, Iowa, because he was an Indian, and who was buried at Arlington by order of U.S. President Harry S. Truman.

The Army said the services would be in conflict with its regulation forbidding activities at Arlington that "include commentary in support of (or in opposition to) . . . the government of the United States or any state of the United States."

An Army spokesman said the Indian group's intention to "seek redress of Indian grievances" as part of their weeklong events would violate the policy.

The day's schedule of events had been well-set-up. There was to be a gathering at 10 a.m. until noon at the Sylvan Theater on the Washington Monument grounds. From 2 to 4 p.m., a spiritual meeting at West Potomac Park, and entertainment at the Sylvan Theater from 7 to 10 p.m.

Everything had been carefully organized to make sure the event came off well. There was the specific list of Twenty Demands developed during the meeting in St. Paul. There was the week-long series of events all arranged. But the rats, the Army, and the BIA building police changed all that.

"I had a run-in with these people at Alcatraz"

The two-faced attitude of senior government officials was a second contributing factor in the rapidly disorganizing situation. Officials were extending "greetings" at the same time as they were ordering their subordinates not to cooperate with the Trail personnel.

A letter dated November 1 to "Trail Leaders" from Robert Robertson, executive director of the National Council on Indian Opportunity (of the office of Vice President Spiro Agnew) said:

"All of us in the administration have enjoyed working with the co-chairmen of the Trail of Broken Treaties Caravan. From the very first meeting with Mr. Bob Burnett and Mr. Ralph Ware on October 20, we have stressed our desire that the Caravan visit result in an amicable productive discussion of all the substantive issues you plan to present to us."

(After the takeover and occupation, Robertson had different words for reporters.

"I never conceived that they would follow their written agenda because I knew it was a sham. I had a run-in with some of these people when I was negotiator during the seizure of Alcatraz Island three years ago, and again two years ago during a meeting of tribal chieftains in Warrenton, Virginia.")

The organizers said that many of the churches and others offering accommodations and facilities had withdrawn their offers as a result of government pressures.

For instance, they showed a copy of a memorandum dated October 11 which they had obtained. It was from Harrison Loesch, assistant secretary of the Interior for the Bureau of Land Management, to Louis Bruce, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. "Subject: No direct or indirect assistance to American Indian Movement demonstration in Washington in early November. This is to give you very specific instructions that the Bureau is not to provide any assistance or funding, either directly or indirectly."

Yet, Bob Burnett said, when he talked with Loesch about arrangements for the caravan, he says Loesch told him the government would give them "more and vocal support."

("Loesch was lying through the teeth," an angry Burnett said later. "His intention was to put us in our place. This is the first national Indian effort we have ever made, and they don't like it. I've supported the occupation of the BIA because we have no alternative. We came here peacefully, but are being forced to do something we hadn't planned.")

(Burnett says that much of the money spent on Indians is being frittered away on a top-heavy bureaucracy, and on wasteful programs that do not improve the quality of life for the reservation dweller. For example, Burnett said, BIA purchased a flying service in Pierre, S.D., and an \$110,000 airplane, at a total cost close to \$300,000.

("What do we need with airplanes when we have people who need food and clothing?" he asked.)

Burnett said the Indians could come back to Washington in the Spring.

"We'll be here around cherry-blossom time, when Congress is in session, and when the town is full of tourists," he said. "There are going to be more of us . . . We will tell our story to Congress and the President until we stop this rot and graft in Indian Affairs."

And so, with many of the doors in Washington closed to them, the Trail of Broken Treaties found themselves with few people who would talk to them. And there was no place, really to stay and more caravans were already en route to Washington.



The New York Times/Dec. 7, 1972

So, early Thursday morning, hundreds of Caravan people went on over to the BIA to see what could be arranged. Russell Means, Clyde and Vern Bellecourt, Sid Mills, Hank Adams, and other leaders went upstairs after finding a back door open to see if Louis Bruce was in his office.

As the discussions started, the other participants became bored with sitting around in their cars, and they came inside. Eventually, there were hundreds of Indians milling around the BIA. Some singers put the drum on the stage of the BIA auditorium for a few hours.

Harrison Loesch came down to talk with the group, and answered almost every question with "I don't know." He was holding a young Indian child in his arms in that patronizing isn't-he-cute-what's-his-name way that proved particularly irritating. He left the room on a carpet of insults.

Still with time on their hands while the steering committee talked with officials, the Trail participants bided their time watching films, particularly *As Long as the River Runs*, a movie on the Washington State fishing rights struggle.

The word was out that the negotiations would go on past the supper hour.



UPI photo

While waiting to find out where they were to spend the night, a group got out the drum and sang.

—United Press International photo

"We're Staying Here Tonight"



"They're just human beings, that's all."

Up until this time, there was no occupation — nor really intent to occupy. The steering committee was upstairs trying to locate suitable food and shelter for the thousand or more people they were responsible to and for, and downstairs, Indians were snoozing and passing time in conversation, full of faith that there would be a bed for them somewhere in the capital of the United States.

What happened next to convert this scene into an occupied, defended building is as simple, perhaps, as the misunderstood instructions from one security guard to another — or as complicated as the hundreds of years of tragic conflict between the Indians and the white men.

Upstairs, a tentative agreement was reached on the housing. But even as it was being announced, a disturbance occurred.

Guards employed by the General Services Administration changed shifts at 4 p.m., and a young lieutenant decided to clear his area of the building of all stray Indians. When the Indians refused to leave because the negotiations were still underway, he motioned to a crew of helmeted, armored, and heavily armed guards who waded in with clubs flying.

Although some Indian heads were bloodied, it was not long before the guards were evicted, many of them missing their nightsticks and even their service revolvers — later leading to rumors that the "Indians were armed."

A panic spread through the building as some of those who had been clubbed ran through the building, their faces streaming blood, calling to the others to arm themselves for their own defense. Outside, riot police looking like something from outer space, led substance to their urgings. Quickly, desks, photocopy machines, and chairs were piled in front of doors and the building was effectively sealed off.



— photo by Gerald Martineau/Washington Post
Copying machine, boxes, block a BIA stairway.

Some policemen were caught inside as the barricades went up, and there was a hard-hitting scuffle with police who stormed the building to retrieve their colleagues.

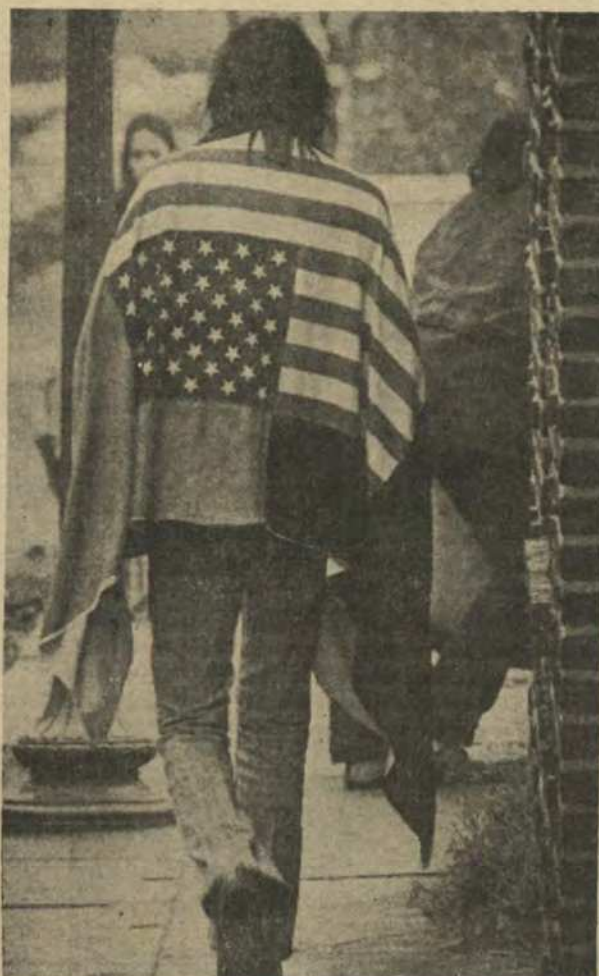
Police cordoned off the area, and for a time, refused to allow anyone to enter.

Some employees climbed out windows. Elizabeth Younger, a cafeteria employee, took it all in good humor. "They're nothing to be afraid of," she said speaking of the Indians. "They're just human beings — a bit mischievous, but still human beings, that's all."

Although leaders inside the building attempted to maintain order and prevent any damage, the fear of impending attack by the police was too great and people continued to take whatever precautions they felt necessary for their own safety.

BIA press officer Carl Shaw said that four persons had barricaded themselves in the information office, more or less to occupy it against the occupiers.

"But they forced our door. They hurled themselves against it time and again," Shaw said. "We looked up



Native young people had come to Washington with their elders to participate in a peaceful protest.

and saw bodies coming through it." He said the protesters did not threaten them in any way, but told them to leave immediately.

News men seeking entrance to the building were turned away by the police. Some news men within the building were told that they could not leave. Telephone calls to various offices were answered by Indians. For instance one call to the information office elicited this response from "Shining Star":

"Where are you from?"

"New Jersey".

"What are you doing as an information officer?"

"Answering the phone and telling you that the Pigs are all around us," was the response.

Officials also estimated that about \$10,000 worth of long distance telephone calls were placed by the protesters during the night.

During the negotiations, Harrison Loesch made speeches about how the BIA is dedicated to meeting Indian needs. He cited budget increases and other measures as evidence of the Administration's goodwill.

However, the Indian response was shouted back: "Harrison, you don't know anything about Indian Affairs." Others said, "We've been listening to you for over 300 years."

Loesch had handled his part of the negotiations with the occupation force high-handedly.

"Now you listen to me . . ." he told one particularly insistent protestor. But the Indians had been in no mood to listen. He also had said that he would not permit the demonstrators to take over the building. "I don't think we can afford to allow them to take over a federal institution," he had said. "I hope this doesn't come to a violent approach."

Carter Camp, a Ponca from Oklahoma, told reporters how the whole situation had come about. He said that the rat-infested cellar had a lot to do with the occupation, and that a decent reception by Washington officials would have prevented the whole bad scene.

"Foreign countries can send as many people as they want to Washington," he said. "And they get red-carpet treatment." Pointing out that Indians too are a sovereign people, foreign to the government of the U.S. he said, "We'll be damned if we'd live down there with those rats as big as cats walking across sleeping people. We decided to go over to the BIA to see what could be worked out. We thought we would only be there a couple of hours while something was being worked out and I had hoped to use the auditorium and kitchen since neither was in use all the time," Camp said. "But instead, Secretary Loesch laughingly told us that the Bureau was not in the housing business, and threatened to have us thrown out."

Camp confirmed that they were only negotiating when the police over-reaction set the occupation in motion.

"We were only in here talking to Bureau officials — there was no occupation of the Bureau at all. Harrison Loesch himself was here talking. At that time, someone from General Services Administration called the riot squad and they just came in, busted a bunch of windows, started coming through them, and attacked us. As soon as our Indian warriors saw what was happening, well, they just kicked their asses out, then barricaded the doors and the windows. Most of the damage had been done by the police — they overturned



— photo by Bernie Boston/Washington Star-News

a teletype machine, four of them picked up a table and hit one of our guys across the back with it."

Camp was asked about the damage figure of \$250,000 during the first day's occupation.

"The only damage that was done in here at that time was that some of the tables had their legs ripped off — some of the guys were using them for billy clubs," he said.

In fact, once it was obvious that the Indians were in charge, clean-up brigades were organized, floors were vacuumed, and security arrangements kept almost all upstairs offices closed.

"We will leave the BIA in as near original shape as possible," Russell Means told the press. He said that the Indians had agreed to leave the BIA building peacefully when alternate housing was arranged, and that he expected this would happen Friday, November 3.

After the barricades were set, Dennis Banks told news men, "We're trying to bring about some meaningful change for the Indian community. If this is the only action that will bring change, then you can count on demonstrations like this 365 days a year."

White House aide Bradley Patterson, an assistant of minority affairs advisor Leonard Garment, and two Interior Department officials hurried to meet with 15 Indian representatives for three hours Thursday evening in the Interior building across the street. They arrived at a temporary settlement allowing the Indians to remain in the building until at least the following morning.



Women and children were a part of the Trail group.

Nov. 3rd - - - - - B.I.A. I'm Not Your Indian Any More.



*B.I.A., don't you blame me for your problems,
I'm not your Indian any more
You belong to White Man,
We-ya-hi-ya, We-ya-hi-ya, eh-h-h-h.*

*B.I.A., we don't want your rules no more,
They belong to White Man
We-ya-hi-ya, We-ya-hi-ya, eh-h-h-h.*

— from a 49'er song sung by Floyd Westerman
on his album, 'Custer Died for Your Sins'

November 3: "We're not leaving."

Today, Friday, the government of the U.S. obtained a federal court order to get the Indians out of the BIA, but the group elected to defy the order and added to the barricades. The order was signed by Judge John H. Pratt, and was served by Federal Marshals.

With those familiar words, Chief U.S. Marshal Wayne Colburn greeted the Indians: "We come in peace." The Indians hooted. "We have no choice but to carry out the Federal Court order." However, confronted with the painted and club-carrying Indians, the task force of marshals and police made no attempt to evict.



Three young Indians clean up BIA after announcement was made that housing was available. —photo by Paul Schmick/Wash. Star-News

Edward Genn, attorney for the Indians, told the appeal court that the service would be "traditional Indian ceremony religious in nature." About 100 Indians attended the hearing.

"He couldn't sell a hot-dog in that building."

Judge Pratt's order had set a deadline of midnight for the Indians to clear out of the building. After that, they could be held in contempt of court and federal marshals would have a green light to take forcible eviction action.

As the midnight deadline drew near, the situation inside the building grew tense. Two false reports that Federal marshals were trying to enter the building caused the Indians to gather clubs, gas bombs, and typewriters for a confrontation.

Leadership tried to keep paranoia down, and to keep heads calm. "I'm asking you not to do this," Carter Camp, a Ponca, said to those who were making weapons. "We're going to do this job without knocking off a bunch of honkies." At the same time, however, Camp knew the mood was resolute. He told reporters, "There are 150 strong men in here who'd be willing to be beat to death before they'd leave."

Some of the demonstrators had draped themselves in a huge American flag, wearing them upside down as a signal of distress.

"This is the nation code for a distress signal," said Peter LaPointe a Winnebago from Nebraska. "American Indians are in distress. We are going to continue to wear this flag upside down to show the people we are in distress."

Everytime the threat of a police raid became imminent, the Indians intensified security measures inside the building, and each time that happened, more damage was done.

"We have now declared war on the United States of America — seek your stations," Vern Bellecourt said at one point.

Young men stripped to the waist, painted their chests and wore their armbands and necklaces. Most prepared their weapons.

A girl who had taped a letter opener to the end of a broom handle to make a lethal-looking spear was told, "You don't want to do that," by a sombre-faced Indian boy. "I guess not," she said, and untaped the letter opener.

Besides the Indians, others also feared violence. Louis Bruce spent until about 4 a.m. inside the building, hoping his presence would help prevent a government assault.

"I feel a responsibility to be here . . . in the hope it will be a peaceful affair," he told a group of English journalists who spent much of the night inside the barricaded building.

LaDonna Harris, Comanche, president of the Americans for Indian Opportunity, and the wife of Senator Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma, also spent the night inside the building, because, she said, "the commissioner is here and I hoped I could help."

In addition, Marion Barry, president of the District of Columbia School Board and others joined the Indians inside.

Bruce told the demonstrators, "I'm here in this concrete tepee today because I support the treaties rightfully made with you," but he added that the powers of his office were limited. Indians there found that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs did not even have the power to let them use the auditorium.

(Rogers Morton was on a campaign trip in Indianapolis, but he flew back to Washington. There, he maintained a low profile. But he confirmed that Louis Bruce did not have much power. "Right now, he couldn't even sell a hotdog in that building," Morton said of Bruce.

During the night, Bruce was summonsed over to the Interior Building, and he never returned. Earlier, he had said, "I'm willing to stick it out to assist you." His absence led the occupation group to rumor that "the Commissioner had been kidnapped."



Harrison Loesch concurred with Morton in ordering Bruce's absence and silence. He told Navajo area director Anthony Lincoln and engineering director Alexander McNabb by telephone in the early stages of the occupation:

"Of course the Commissioner has blown it. He is over there in bed with them, and we don't like it from Air Force One on down." Loesch was referring to President of the U.S. Richard Nixon, who was en route by air to California.

Everyone was sure there would be trouble. About 100 of the younger children and the elderly, who were put on the fourth floor for safety, were evacuated for the night. Teen-agers prepared Molotov-cocktails for possible use (they were not used and were found when the Indians left the building.)

Trash cans of hot water and one 50-pound carved pumpkin sat poised at upper windows, ready to drop on anyone attempting to enter the building.

Tribal drums reverberated through the long halls of the building, and the Indians once again prepared to do battle with the white man. There was much joking, but also anger and disbelief that this could be happening, just like something out of an old history book.

Between 11:30 p.m. and 4 a.m., government officials made three offers to provide other accommodations outside the building. A small group, including small children and the elderly, accepted.

When presented with the third offer, Vern Bellecourt reported to the occupation general assembly. "We gave them a list of conditions earlier today — and they responded by offering us housing. Is there anyone here who desires lodging?" he asked.

The Indians shouted "No!" and began singing a traditional victory anthem.

As the night wore on, however, many Indians slumped in chairs, under tables and in hallways to get frequently interrupted sleep.

But, as it had Friday morning, dawn came with no attack from the white man.

One exhausted Indian leader sighed about 4 a.m., "I hope we can now get on with the reasons for being here."



Negotiations during the day had not gone well. With the government's position hardening, the negotiators added new demands to the early Twenty Demands. Now they wanted Harrison Loesch, John Crow, and Robert Robertson, director of the National Council of Indian Opportunity, fired. They wanted Louis Bruce to be put back in charge of the BIA. They wanted all bones and artifacts restored to Indians for reburial. Commitments made to Oklahoma Indians over use of Johnson-O'Malley funds must be honored. And urban and landless Indians must be given the same recognition as treaty Indians.

Still, the White House overruled Interior officials who wanted police action to get the 500 or more Indians out of their building.

The Indian group was also indignant at the provisions of the government's offer made during the night of the General Services Administration auditorium several blocks away from the BIA. They accepted the offer, and sent a scouting party over to check it out. They found the doors locked.

A GSA spokesman there said the auditorium had been locked because its use was contingent on the "peaceful and complete" evacuation of the BIA.

Indian spokesmen denied that was part of the agreement. They charged that the government was planning to lock them out of both buildings. "I smell a rat," said Russell Means. "They want assurance that we won't occupy both places, but we want assurance that we won't be left out."

And so the group of 400 or more inside the building settled down for the night after blocking all entrances against invasion.

"I've been trying to stop this," Bruce told reporters apologetically. "I was concerned about housing for all the people and I was hoping the group might decide to leave peacefully and maybe this might have brought about more services."

It had not been a good day in the courts, either. The Trail of Broken Treaties lawyers had gone to Judge Howard F. Corcoran of the U.S. District Court, asking him to override the Army's refusal to allow them to hold religious ceremonies in Arlington National Cemetery. However, Corcoran upheld the Army, and the ceremonies were cancelled pending an appeal to a higher court.

INDIANS, GO HOME!



November 4: "Negotiations are recessed."

Negotiations continued for 12 hours today (Saturday). They closed with the Interior Department announcing publicly that the government would make no effort at that time to evict the protesters, and resumption of the talks was scheduled for 9 a.m. Sunday.

The original five-man government negotiating team was headed by Hans Walker, a Mandan, who is head of the Department's Indian Water Rights Office. Louis Bruce was not a member of the original team set up by the Interior Department, but he arrived at the Indians' requests about two hours after the start of the talks.

Bruce met with the leaders for more than four hours through Friday night and Saturday morning, but left to go to the Interior Department building on request of superiors, and was not seen from again.

"Because Bruce made his stand with us last night, Morton ordered him to stay away. Secretary Morton is inflating the situation and risking human lives," said Russell Means.

Robert A. Kelly, director of communications for the Interior Department, confirmed that Morton had been in on the decision to keep Bruce out of reach of the Indians.

"It was suggested to the commissioner that he not remain in the building," Kelly said. "It was felt by the leadership here — the Secretary was involved — that no one should be over there while we are in negotiations ordered by the court."

The occupation attracted a large crowd of curious on-lookers with traffic jams on Constitution Avenue, and tourists and police viewing the activities from the sidewalk and across the street on the Mall.

It was a scene worth seeing. A tepee, about 20-feet tall, stood on the main lawn, near the flagpole, where the American flag flew upside down at half-staff.

"Yes, we have a message for our Indian friends"

On the lawn in front of the BIA, Indians were chasing schnauzer dogs and huskies were romping with young white Americans.

Then, all of a sudden, in a blue suit, the Rev. Dr. Carl McIntyre came bounding into view crying out, "Yes! We have a message for our Indian friends!"

"Far out!" said an Indian watching the assembly of about 100 McIntyre followers streaming toward the Indian-occupied building.

In the crowd of McIntyre supporters were two women, one of whom told the other, "I'm sure the Indians don't give a damn about anything but themselves." The other said, "I don't think the Indians are persecuted. They're just being absorbed. . . the Communists are in on this."

McIntyre, chanting "Onward Christian Soldiers," met with a small delegation of the Indians and told them of his childhood days in Oklahoma "when I grew up with the Choctaw Indians."

McIntyre had come to the BIA after a rally at the U.S. Capitol in support of South Vietnam President Thieu. "All right, you Indians," he shouted. "We're here to give you some greetings. We're all good Americans and I want you to have your rights." But he warned them not to follow "those inside your group who seek to align Indians with the Communists."

"Man," said one Indian. "That McIntyre is supporting us." "Naw," another Indian replied. "He's a racist."

Then the Indians thanked McIntyre and urged him to march around the Interior Department building a block away. Somehow, he confused the name of Rogers

Morton with Louis Bruce, who at that time was being kept in the Interior Building. And so the group went shouting around the Interior Building:

"Morton! We want Morton freed! We want Morton freed! Morton, come down and meet the Indians. They're not bad people," they yelled.

The tension apparently was too much for one man who had been in the building for several days. Companions said he began to feel that he was being blamed for the destruction of property inside, and thought fellow Indians were holding him captive.

He abducted a young girl, perhaps 10 or 11, and holding a pair of scissors to her neck, walked her to the front entrance, demanding to "talk to a cop."

John Trudell, a Lakotah from Pawnee, Oklahoma, wearing an Oklahoma University football jersey, said he crossed Constitution Avenue and relayed the request to a motorcycle policeman.

"The cop told me, 'If you want to solve that problem, get a tomahawk,'" Trudell said. Later, other policemen confirmed that Trudell's request had been denied.

When the young Indian was told police would not come to him, he came out the main entrance, holding the girl as a shield. But he was struck by a club wielded by another Indian who had hidden in the adjoining doorway. (Huge photos of the incident made the front pages of many major papers, occupying space which might have been used to inform the American public of the Twenty Demands.)

Several Indians pummeled the man to the ground, and struck him repeatedly. A few minutes later, he was released, whereupon he ran, shoeless, along the Mall toward the Washington Monument. Trudell said the young man and the girl were members of the Tuscarora group from North Carolina.

Stokeley Carmichael, saying he was speaking as head of the All-African People's Revolutionary Party, spoke to the Indian group and offered to "support this movement 100 per cent."

Concerned about a police attack, hundreds of people — black and white — linked arms in a line across the BIA lawn, putting themselves between the Indians and the growing federal army. The Indians responded to this growing community support by beating on the marble steps with sticks, raising their fists in salute, and shaking hands with the supporters.



—Associated Press

Black activist Stokely Carmichael jokes with Indian man, his face still swollen from police beating

Some protest leaders complained about the way they were being treated by the government and claimed that the federal negotiators had no authority to make decisions.

"I can see what our tribal chairman went through a long, long time ago," Ralph Ware, an Oklahoma Kiowa said, reporting back to the hundreds of occupiers in the BIA auditorium. "These white people are so foxy and so smart with words. They're liars, really. They use candy and money. They steal too. And if you're with them long enough, they smell bad."

Ware reported that one of the problems was the low-level negotiators sent in by the government.

"Today, they appointed me chief negotiator," he reported back to a general assembly of the Indians. "[The government] has no one negotiating with any power to make decisions. They have seven lawyers who have to make telephone calls about everything that comes up."

That view was seconded by Anita Collins, an official of the Washington office of AIM.

"We said we would move to the Interdepartmental Auditorium (a few blocks away) if the government would provide four men's toilets, four women's toilets, four stoves, and four refrigerators. They asked us to give them 24 hours to think about it."

The first responses from the government's effort to discredit the protest started to come in. In Browning, Montana, Earl Old Person, chairman of the Blackfeet Indian Tribal Council said he was shocked to learn of the conduct of members of the protest. He said the



Young warriors stand guard against new invasion.

demonstrators are primarily Indians who have lived in urban areas and are not a grassroots-representation of reservation Indians.

Robert Burnette, a co-chairman of the Trail of Broken Treaties organizing committee, said he had been unsuccessful in contacting White House representatives to try to set up negotiations on the Indians' demands of self-determination and sovereignty.

The Interior and Justice Department were able to prompt the local YMCA to offer shower facilities, and Interior Department offered 350 beds in its auditorium.

Although the Indian group had violated his order to clear out of the building, U.S. District Court Judge John Pratt refused to hold a show-cause hearing demanded by the U.S. to determine if the Indians were in contempt of his order. By evening, Pratt said he would decide on Sunday whether or not he would have a hearing on the matter on Monday.

There was still hope among the Indian leadership that there would be a promise of high level government at least considering the now-forgotten Twenty Demands, with the Indians moving to other housing and assuming a more peaceful posture.

The Trail would remain in Washington until Nov. 12, instead of the earlier departure of November 7, Russell Means announced. "We didn't come here to grab hold of a building. We came here to work."

But the inability of the government to listen caused events to take a far-different turn.

Russell Means was encouraged by the progress. "The situation looks very positive because the negotiators realize our commitment here — that we are willing to die."



"This war did not spring up here on our land — this war was brought upon us by the children of the Great Father who came to take our land from us without price, and who in our land, do a great many evil things. . . This war has come from robbery, from the stealing of our lands."

— Spotted Tail, 1860

Those Wonderful People Who Brought You Sand Creek, Wounded Knee & Alcatraz, Say They Will Negotiate... ..

November 5: "The White House will negotiate"

Sunday evening, the Indians announced that they would meet with White House aides John Ehrlichman and Leonard Garment, but Interior officials promptly denied the announcement. They countered with an ultimatum, a "final offer", or face violent eviction.



Leonard Garment & John Ehrlichman

Bellecourt said LaDonna Harris, founder of Americans for Indian Opportunity and the wife of Senator Fred Harris, an Oklahoma Democrat, helped arrange the White House talks, which the Indians had been insisting must take place if their grievances are to be resolved and if they are to give up the BIA building.

Until then negotiators from lower echelons of the Interior and Justice Departments and the General Service Administration were missing their Sunday church services to talk with the Indians. When they learned that the White House was going to intervene, they abruptly adjourned.

The Trail of Broken Treaties people were also happy about the decision of a two-judge federal appeals court which could clear the way for the Indians to conduct spiritual services at the gravesides of two Indian war heroes.

"The caravan is quite excited about the decision of the court," Dennis Banks said. "It proves to us there are men sitting in judicial power backing the Constitution of this government who feel that Indian people are being denied their rights today," he said.

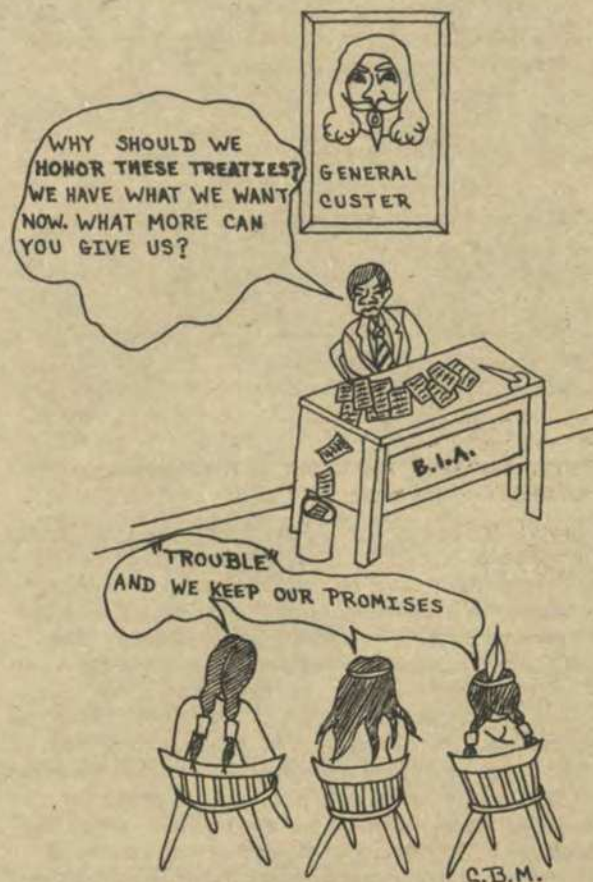
Still trying to get the attention of officials who could make some decisions and commitments, the Indian group sent a telegram to U.S. President Nixon, who was in San Clemente, California, requesting that he fly back to meet with their leaders Tuesday. They also urged the appointment of a special 12-member commission to negotiate a settlement.

There had been no response. All there was was the "final offer" of the low-level government team which refused to consider the Twenty Demands or the Nine New Demands, but proposed instead the use of the BIA auditorium during "reasonable hours" and granted a number of peripheral Indian demands for cooking and shower facilities. These, however, were only house-keeping problems from the Indian viewpoint, not the main order of business.

The government added that if the Indians complied with their offer, a meeting would be arranged with Interior Secretary Rogers Morton sometime during the week.

The government proposal was put before the total assembly of the many hundreds of occupiers about 1 a.m. in the BIA auditorium and was roundly rejected on a voice vote. Shortly before the vote, Dennis Banks had said that "in the next 24 hours we are faced with a situation that is going to develop into a battle with the government and the people here. We have boxed ourselves in, and so has the government."

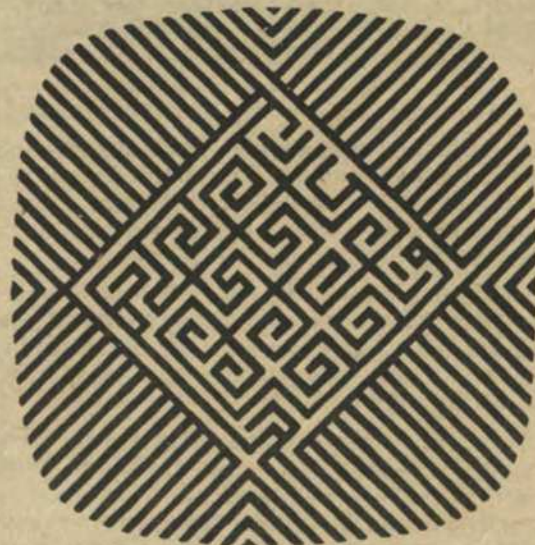
The vote implied defense, and measures were taken immediately. More furniture was piled in front of doors. Teams were dispatched to watch entrances. Some women and children were excavated to places of safety, such as the YMCA building several blocks away.



Dennis Banks



Vernon Bellecourt



IRA HAYES AND JOHN RICE: THE PLANNED CEREMONIAL AT THEIR GRAVES — AND THE ARMY'S REFUSAL TO ALLOW THIS — BECAME A CENTRAL ISSUE

Washington, D.C. — Ira Hayes and John Rice, whose Arlington Cemetery graves became a central issue in the confrontation between the Trail of Broken Treaties and the U.S. Government, became famous in markedly different ways.

Hayes, a Marine, was buried on Feb. 2, 1955. He was one of six soldiers who raised the American flag atop Mt. Surabachi during the fierce fighting for Iwo Jima during World War II. He is buried near the Iwo Jima Memorial.

Hayes, a Pima, and the five other soldiers were photographed as the battle for Iwo Jima ended by an Associated Press photographer, Joe Rosenthal. The photograph, which won a Pulitzer Prize, became one of the most famous war pictures in American history.

Hayes said during a 1950 television program that the flag-raising picture was a "phony".

He said, "They'd taken about 10,000 pictures that day . . . everybody knew it was a phony. Everybody on the island was laughing about that phony flag-raising picture." The Associated Press denied that the picture was staged.

Hayes was found dead on his native Sacaton reservation in Arizona from overexposure to freezing weather. A doctor said a losing battle against a drinking problem contributed to his death at age 32.

"He wanted to live in a white man's world, but he ran into difficulties as an Indian," said Rene A. Gagnon of Hooksett, New Hampshire, after the burial rites.

Gagnon was with Hayes at the time the flag-raising picture was taken.

"After the war," Gagnon said, "he just couldn't go back home, and he wasn't always happy in the other world."

Hayes was Pima, and John Rice who was also to be remembered by the Trail memorial was Lakotah.

Rice became famous when his funeral services in Sioux City were interrupted after officials of the Memorial Park Cemetery discovered he was an Indian. The cemetery was restricted to Caucasians.

President Truman ordered officials to give the dead soldier a burial in Arlington Cemetery with full honors. The Iowa cemetery had apologized, and offered Rice's widow her choice of lots, but she declined "for the greater honor" of an Arlington burial.

Rice was 37 at the time of his death and had lived at the Winnebago Reservation in Nebraska. He was killed in action on Sept. 6, 1950, two weeks after he landed in Korea. He had served 40 months in the Pacific during World War II.



Ira Hayes . . . dead at 32

"I'm Not Really A Fighter, But These are My People"

"The myth has been perpetuated that we don't exist any more — that's the hardest thing we have to fight against."

— A Trail of Broken Treaties participant in Washington, D.C.

November 6: "We will leave nothing."

Judge Pratt's weekend of mulling over the BIA occupation left him discontented. The Indians, he felt, were "messing up" the building and their position was "hardening."

Monday, today, he held a hearing and ordered the Indians held in contempt, and directed their arrests. He ordered the government to give the Indians notice of the order by 6 p.m., and orally, gave the government limited discretion as to the actual time for the arrests.

Pratt's original order, issued Friday, had instructed the Indians to vacate the building. But the order had left U.S. marshals uncertain if it authorized them to use force.

This time, Pratt left no doubt. "These individuals have flagrantly violated an order of the court." He had been advised that "they will resist efforts to remove them." He added that the U.S. marshals "showed good judgment" by returning to his court for advice, although they "could have made arrests" on the basis of the original restraining order.

Pratt opposed the argument offered by attorney Jim Heller, appearing for the Indians.

The BIA building, Heller said, "had no other purpose but to serve these people." He asked the judge to be aware of the "dreadful possibility of bloodshed." He said that "time is something we have. Blood is something we cannot afford."



— photo by Bannon

BIA defender ignores advice to "Get Out and Vote"

U.S. Deputy Attorney General Ralph Erickson was placed in charge of the federal forces who were to evict the Indians. One option was to lay siege on the building, another was to cut off water and lights and try to force the demonstrators to walk out.

One of the things which troubled the federal forces were rumors that the four-story building had been wired for destruction by explosives on Sunday night, but that the system had been defused. Now it was ready again to be touched off.

Substance to the rumor was given when Russell Means and Jim Williams, Washington spokesman for the Black Panthers, held a joint news conference on the steps of the building today. Williams said the Panthers supported the Indian demands, but declined to say if or how many Panthers were being added to the Indian forces.

Asked whether the rumors about the explosives were true, one Indian replied, "All I know is that they've restricted smoking to the first floor."

Hundreds of curious onlookers walked down Constitution Avenue to view the symbolic teepee in front of the building, and the Indians sitting on the front steps. Some brought food and blankets, which were passed over the barricades and taken inside the building.

"If we go, we're going to take this building with us. If we go, this building's not going to be here — there's going to be a hulluva smoke signal," Russell Means responded.

Johanna Gordon, of Lorton, Virginia, came to visit with her two sons, daughter-in-law, and granddaughter to deliver canned meat and vegetables. "I think these people have a real gripe," she said. Another woman walked up to an Indian security guard, a 25-year-old Mohawk, and handed him a \$5 bill. "I don't handle the money," he said. "I trust you to put it in the pot," she said, and he thanked her.

Seventh graders from the Field School visited the scene as part of a class project on Indians.

Breakfast today was eggs and coffee. It was cooked and served in the BIA basement cafeteria, with about 20 people preparing the food.



— photo by Geoffrey Gilbert/Star-News

Armed with bows, spears, and clubs, the occupation force defends its turf from police.

There was a constant turnover of personnel in the building, with estimates that over 2,000 Indians had participated at some time or another. Most of those who stayed inside overnight slept on concrete floors, in chairs, on rugs.

"I sleep on a big leather couch in somebody's office on the second floor," one woman told reporters. "The rest have to sleep wherever they can — on the stairs, on the floor, in the basement, in chairs. But nobody has will or time to sleep anyway. . . I haven't slept four hours since Saturday night. We've been harassed all night long. Everytime someone calls and says the police are on the way we have to jump up and get to our posts and stand watch. It makes you so nervous," she explained. "It's the psychological effect, I guess, of knowing you may get your head bashed in at any time. I'm so tired of it, of carrying around a club, of watching out the windows, waiting for the police to come to throw us out. It seems so damned fruitless."

Rep. Shirley Chisholm, a New York Democrat, pledged her "full support" to the Trail of Broken Treaties today in a telegram. Dr. Benjamin Spock, People's Party presidential candidate, appeared in person to offer his support.

Spock ignored the advice of his Secret Service guards (who guard all presidential candidates) and entered the BIA accompanied by Vern Bellecourt. The two emerged minutes later, at which time Spock praised the Indians and their cause.

About 2:35 p.m., Dennis Banks rushed into the building with news that they had until 6 p.m. before they would be "cleared out". Defenses around the building were intensified and the rest of the people gathered into the auditorium to discuss what should be done.

The group followed Indian custom, as they had through out the occupation, of acknowledging and giving thanks to all things of the Creation, so these things would be foremost in their minds as they deliberated. "Let us bring our minds together as one mind," a tall dark-haired young Iroquois man said. "Let us acknowledge our Mother, the Earth. . . let us give thanks to the waters, the air, which give us life. . . Let us give thanks to the rocks, and the trees, which are related to us, and which help us. . ."

The prayers, accompanied by soft, assenting murmurs of the Indians, were punctuated by the sounds of glass being broken, and roof tiles being broken into shards for use in the defense of themselves which they would face in a few hours.

As Pratt's 6 p.m. deadline neared, scores of police, many carrying clubs and gas masks, were seen marching into a nearby Interior Department building. In response, the Indian group put two lines of warriors outside the building as front lines to protect the women and children inside.

As more and more police were seen, those inside the building intensified the barricades and fashioned more weapons from broken scissors, letter openers, broken furniture legs. Chair seats were turned into shields. It was then that the damage to the inside of the building really got underway.

On the roof, just five blocks away from the White House, the warriors piled loose roof tiles to throw on any who attempted to enter the doors. Everything from buckets of hot water to typewriters were readied near windows on upper stories to toss out on any invasion force.

Police actions didn't help calm the atmosphere. Undercover agents tried to infiltrate the building by the dozens. Army buses would ride by and park ominously in front of the building. Police cars would race around the block, lights flashing. From across the street, the police photographers were getting snaps of the demonstrators.

One unfortunate Metropolitan police detective was captured while spying in the building. After being chased and knocked around a little bit, he was taken back inside for questioning. Indians called in on his police band walkie-talkie, and headquarters got upset. Eventually, he was brought outside in his own handcuffs and forced through a humiliating press conference. He said his name was Roger O'Day, and he was eventually turned over to his superiors.

The appeals court decision didn't come until 7:15 p.m. — and Judge Pratt's order had said the Indians must be out by 6 p.m. The closer it got to that deadline, the more intensive the defensive preparations became.

Dennis Banks, facing a crowd of onlookers lined across Constitution Avenue, said, "I invite all of you to stay and witness the atrocities that are about to happen."

Another making defense preparations was Ralph Ware, chief negotiator in the unsuccessful talks with the government officials.

Ware is a clinical psychologist from Minnesota. He was holding a makeshift club in his hand, and saying, "I'm not really a fighter, but these are my people. It's going to take a lot for me to swing this club . . . It took me a long time to decide this."

Ware, who said he almost decided to stay inside the building with the women and children, was approached by his wife, a small blackhaired woman with tears in her eyes.

"I decided to stay," he said. Then he embraced her.

About 4:40, Vern Bellecourt emerged from the BIA and made an appeal for Blacks to join in the defense of the building. Recalling that blacks had been enlisted to fight Indians following their emancipation, Bellecourt said, "Don't let the white man make you do it again." He referred to the number of blacks on Washington security forces.

Finally, word came through of the decision of the appeal of Judge Pratt's order. It was good news — the deadline would be extended for 51 hours — until Wednesday at 9 p.m., and the contempt order would be stayed. The decision was reached by appeals judges David Bazelon, Edward Pamm, and Harold Leventhal meeting informally in closed chambers.

A few hours after the court's decision, the Government of the United States of America decided to send in top level people to negotiate. A 9 p.m. meeting time was set.

As Indian negotiators left for the Executive Building next to the White House, Dennis Banks told reporters that they had "strict instructions to lay down an ultimatum by midnight. If we receive no commitment by midnight, then the Indian negotiators have no alternative but to remove ourselves from the building and leave nothing."

A reporter asked if that meant that the building would be destroyed.

"There has been no business conducted in this building for years," Banks said. "And I am sure there will be no business conducted here after the Indians leave."

Now, they met. Interior Secretary Morton, Frank Carlucci of the Office of Management and Budget and Leonard Garment, minority affairs advisor to Nixon aide John Ehrlichman sat down representing the U.S.

About all that was missing was Henry Kissinger.

The organ grinders had finally arrived.



THE WHITE HOUSE PROMISE

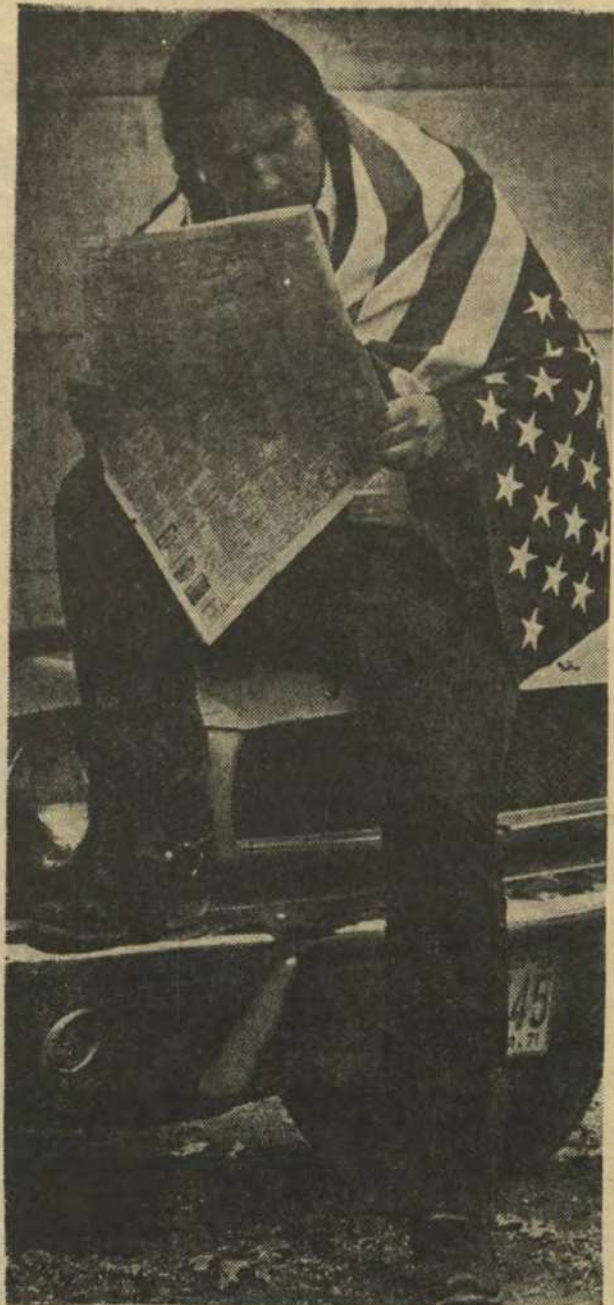


November 7: "We are hopeful of reform."
While American citizens were deciding whether Richard Nixon would have four more years, the Indian negotiators were winning from the White House agreement to set up a task force to review the Twenty Demands.
Under the agreement, the task force is to be headed by Garment and Carlucci. It will exist for six months, and will review federal Indian policy. The task force will be composed of officers of all agencies dealing with Indians, and is to consult Indian representatives on a continuing basis around each of the Twenty Demands.
With this success, some of the Trail participants headed for home. And some of them took with them papers which they had come upon in the BIA - very interesting papers.
Whatever else it was or became, the stand in Washington was one of the most forceful intertribal efforts in the Twentieth Century.

"There is a prophecy in our Ojibway religion," Benton said, "that one day we would all stand together. All tribes would hook arms in brotherhood and unite. I am elated because I lived to see this happen. Brothers and sisters from all over this continent were united in a single cause. That is the greatest significance to Indian people -- not what happened or what yet may happen as a result of our actions."



—United Press Intern'l
Russell Means, armed with a club, carrying a gas mask, and a photo of a friend (as a shield?), awaiting police.



— Washington Post
Distress-wrapped member of occupation force catches up on reading how the press viewed the situation.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 8, 1972

In the discussions last Thursday night, it was agreed that the written proposals of the Trail of Broken Treaties would be analyzed and responded to by the Administration. We reaffirm this commitment, and will undertake to furnish these answers within sixty (60) days.

Leonard Garment
Leonard Garment
Special Assistant to the President

Frank Carlucci
Frank Carlucci
Deputy Director, Office of Management & Budget

Bradley H. Patterson, Jr.
Bradley H. Patterson, Jr.
Executive Assistant to Mr. Garment

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 8, 1972

We will recommend that there be no prosecution for the seizure and occupation of the BIA building.

Frank Carlucci
Frank Carlucci
Deputy Director, Office of Management & Budget

Leonard Garment
Leonard Garment
Special Assistant to the President

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 8, 1972

With the conclusion of the discussions all who took part are hopeful that a process of decision and reform will be undertaken which will make the management and organization of the Federal Government in all matters affecting the lives of Indians more responsive to Indian needs.

Frank Carlucci

Leonard Garment

*Hank Adams, Negotiator
Trail of Broken Treaties*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 8, 1972

We will recommend that there be no prosecution for the seizure and occupation of the BIA building.

Frank Carlucci
Frank Carlucci
Deputy Director, Office of Management & Budget

Leonard Garment
Leonard Garment
Special Assistant to the President



"We try to work hand in hand with the Government"

"A splinter group of militant blackmailers."

During the day, before the appeals court decision favoring the Indians came down, the Government had been preparing an army of GSA officers, federal marshals, Metropolitan police, Park Service police, and others, to lay siege on the BIA. They knew it would be a bloody encounter.

So in addition to preparing an army, the government set about preparing the minds of the American people so that they wouldn't mind too much if some Indian blood was spilled.

Interior Secretary Rogers Morton had been refusing to speak with the Indians. Now he was making a public statement describing the protestors as a "splinter group of militants." Morton said it was obvious to him that the seizure and continued occupation of the building are nothing more than a form of blackmail by a small group which seek to achieve through violence objectives which are not supported by a majority of reservation Indians."

To prove his point, he produced a sheaf of telegrams sent by some of the 147 tribal chairmen on federally-regulated reservations, all uniformly condemning the seizure of the BIA.

Earlier in October, members of the National Tribal Chairmen's Association, headed by Webster Two Hawk, had been rounded up for a press conference with Morton as Indians "for the Re-Election of the President."

At that meeting, Morton responded to a reporter's question about tribal representation. "The people we have here today are not representing tribes as such. They are representing themselves." However, when it came time to denounce the occupation, Morton was saying that the tribal officials represented not only their tribes, but Indian people across the U.S.

Russell Means tried to draw the attention of the press to the nature of the propaganda campaign which the government public relations men were mounting.

"We have world-wide attention, and the administration is in a bind," Means said. "They're looking for a cop-out, and they're going to use our own leadership to do it. None of us has ever claimed that we represent all the people where we come from. I no more represent all the Oglala people on the Pine Ridge Reservation than does my tribal chairman (Webster Two Hawk). He doesn't represent all those people — you can be damn sure he represents the better-off Indians. I don't mean to insult anyone, but it's a fact of life on my reservation."

A propaganda campaign of the governments moved into high gear with a news conference of some members of the National Tribal Chairman's Association who said that it was just dissident urban Indians who were responsible, and that the majority of the nation's reservation Indians didn't back them, echoing the words of Rogers Morton.

The conference was invaded by spokesmen for the occupation group who denied that the NCTA even represented their tribes. Instead, the activists said, the chairmen represent the interests only of the government and themselves.



"They don't represent Indians"

Donald R. Antone, president of the Intertribal Council of Arizona: The occupation force has "done the Indians of America more harm by their action than anything that has been done in the past century. . . They don't represent the bulk of American Indians any more than Benedict Arnold represented the American colonists." . . . For generations, the truly representative, elected Indian leaders have worked toward the day when they could be face to face on an equal footing and with mutual trust with their non-Indian brothers. Only in this atmosphere of cooperative understanding, we feel, can we find long-range solutions to the problems of the American people." He said it was "incredible and unforgivable" that anyone would destroy BIA records. "There are literally thousands of records of unpaid aboriginal claims cases in these offices where they are wreaking havoc . . . In our opinion, it is they who have broken faith with their brothers."

AKWESASNE NOTES

Juan B. Abeita, Iseto Pueblo Governor — We have spent many years trying for the federal government to be friends of our Indian tribes. . . I don't believe the commissioner should make any concessions. If he does he should do it with the tribal leaders and not with a faction demonstrating in this manner.

Paul Tafoya, Santa Clara Pueblo — That group does not actually represent the Indian tribes. The true representatives of the Indian people are located right on the Indian reservations."

James Porter, Nambe Governor — "Tell the people we don't go along."

Leonard C. Burch, Southern Ute Mountain tribal chairman — We are very concerned . . . This is a black eye on every bona fide tribal organization. We try to work hand in hand with federal agencies and the administration. We have to work with them. . ."

Hubert Velarde, president, Jicarilla Apache Tribe — This is bad for the Indian.

Pat Toya Jemez Pueblo Governor — They are hurting us. . . It took us all this time to learn enough language and white ways, and now (the Washington group) is using these against the people who brought us up. We have to put up a strong protest (against the BIA occupation.)

Harry L. Martinez, Acoma Pueblo Governor — This should have gone through the tribal council and been discussed. We are against it . . . We would like to improve our relations with the government.

Clarence Hamilton, Hopi Tribal Council chairman — We had just reached a point of confidence between the BIA and the Indian. And now look. If the commissioner had any backbone, he'd have stopped it. Unless we make it clear that they do not represent the masses of American Indians, the good reputation of our Indian society will be destroyed . . . They are calling for the resignation of some of the finest people in the Department of Interior. People such as John Crow and Harrison Loesch who have been actively representing our people in Washington.

If they really want to serve the Indian community, rather than their own purposes, they should call for the resignation of Bruce who has gathered around himself and encouraged this type of militant renegade. Commissioner Bruce has been indecisive, weak-willed, kept himself ill-informed, surrounded himself with prejudiced advisors serving special interests, and generally proven himself to be incompetent.

Principal Chief Noah Powell, Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians, North Carolina — . . . I deplore the unlawful tactics used by the group now occupying BIA offices and made it clear they do not have any support in these actions from officials representing the more than 7,000 members of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians. It is our hope that in a firm but fair way they can be convinced to peacefully leave the BIA building without further destruction of property or harm to any individual and that all of us will then address ourselves to the continuing challenge of building our Indian communities to a level which will afford full honor and dignity to America's first citizens."

Southern Ute Tribal Council — [We] wish to express grave concern regarding the actions of certain Indian groups who have taken over the BIA. . . The Tribal Council feels that the actions of these Indian groups are irresponsible and that the take-over of the BIA demeans and otherwise degrades the dignity respect of Indians in the United States.

The Southern Ute Tribal Council has for many years worked closely with the Department of the Interior and the BIA as well as the Colorado Congressional Delegation. The takeover of the physical facilities of the United States Government and the destruction of official records, together with the unreasonable demands of the take-over group, are deplorable. .

Enos J. Francisco, Jr., vice-chairman of the Papago Tribal Council — [The takeover] is not in the best interests of the Papago people. The people who have taken over the BIA do not represent our people or our way of doing things. We want them out of the BIA building so that our people can come back (to Washington) so that we can be properly served. They are doing more harm than good. (The Papago statements coincided with statements issued by other southwestern tribal councils and with a statement issued by a Salt Lake City Public relations firm representing the Arizona Intertribal Council as well as the power companies involved in Black Mesa, the farming interests who lease Indian lands, etc.)

Buffalo Tiger, chairman of the Miccosukee Tribal Council, Frog Station, Florida — I feel it is a responsibility of tribal chairmen to express the desires and needs of their people. Past experience has proven to be that combined efforts should be made through consultations with the government. (Nov. 9, 1972)



Antone Gonzales, Sr., Chairman of Colorado River Indian Tribes — I want to express my strong disapproval of the actions of the comparatively few Indians who have forcibly taken over the BIA and for the shameful destruction of Public Property and Valuable Records. In no way do these individuals represent the true feelings of the leadership of our members of the Colorado River Tribes, nor of the vast majority of the American Indians.

. . . We urgently request that drastic steps be taken to stop these demonstrators from committing further acts of violence and destruction by punishment where necessary but more preferably by inquiry, and that at the earliest possible moment.



Paul Smith, president of the Salt River / Pima Maricopa Indian Community Council, Arizona — The leaders of the tribes for which I speak believe that much progress in the development of the Indian people has been made in recent years, and that this type of ugly, irresponsible and unlawful action hurts our cause rather than helps."



— after Picha in the Special, Brussels

Know your local tribal chairman: others who have publicly denounced the Trail of Broken Treaties are: Bruce Townsend (president, Oklahoma Intertribal Council), B. Bob Stopp (Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma), Joseph Upicksoun (president, Arctic Slope Regional Corporation), H. Lee Motah (president, United Tribes, Western Oklahoma and Kansas), Peter Masten, Jr. (chairman, Hoopa Valley Business Council), James Henry (tribal chairman, Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa), Leo Pete (chairman, Goshute Tribal Council, Confederated Tribes of the Goshute Reservation, Ibapah, Utah), Francis Wyasket (chairman, Ute Indian Tribe), Robert Jim (chairman, Yakima Tribal Council), Governor Robert E. Lewis (Zuni Pueblo), Clarence C. Hamilton (chairman, Hopi Tribal Council), Paul Smith (vice-president of the Inter-tribal Council of Arizona and president of the Salt River Pima/Maricopa Indian Community Council), David J. Stewart (chairman, Crow Tribal Council), Fred Houle Jr. (secretary, Confederated Tribes, Tribal Council of the Confederated Kootenai and Salish Tribes), Olney Pratt (chairman, Confederate Tribes of the Warm Springs Indian Reservation), Richard Wilson (president, Oglala Sioux Tribe), Robert S. Barley (chairman, Cocopah Tribe.)

STATEMENT BY INTERIOR SECRETARY ROGERS C.B. MORTON, November 6, 1972

. . . For the honor and dignity of the 480,000 reservation Indians, all Americans should understand that the protestors are a small splinter group of militants. They do not represent the reservation Indians of America. The National Tribal Chairman's Association composed of duly elected officers of each tribe, has advised me through its Executive Director, Mr. William Youpee, that this illegal intrusion has no meaningful support in the Indian community. In addition, numerous Tribal Chairmen have sent us telegrams or issued statements condemning the seizure. (Copies were attached.)

From the first announcement of their visit, we made every effort to cooperate with the advance men of the caravan. . . It is obvious to me that the seizure and continued occupation of the building are nothing more than a form of blackmail by a small group who seek to achieve through violence objectives which are not supported by a majority of reservation Indians.

. . . This administration has made great strides in Indian Affairs. . . In light of this record, it is a shame that a small, willful band of malcontents should attempt to wreck the headquarters of the Government's chief instrument for serving the Indian Community.

The East



Bob Christian, Sam Wolf, and Mike Wolf of NAMI

HIDDEN INDIANS SOUGHT OUT BY NEW NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF METIS

Morehead, Kentucky — Members of the National Association of Metis Indians headquartered here have been visiting Highland and Pike Counties of Ohio, as well as other eastern areas, seeking out "hidden Indian" people as part of the group's purpose of "providing identity for and promoting brotherhood and fellowship among its members, and to aid in maintaining the cultures of the American Indian."

Members of the scouting team included president of NAMI, Red Eagle (Bob Christian, Sam Gray Wolf, and Mike Real Wolf. The organization is voluntary and non-governmental, with headquarters at Route 1, Morehead, Kentucky.

NORTH CAROLINA TUSCARORAS COMING OUT OF THE CLOSETS TO LIVE AGAIN

Fayetteville, North Carolina — Cumberland County is the home of 8,000 Tuscaroras who want people to know they are there.

"Too many of our young people don't know anything about their Indian heritage, aren't proud. Maybe even ashamed. You've got to praise your own pond no matter how muddy the water in it," says Mrs. Viola Bledsole, one of the leaders of the Cumberland County Association for Indian People (AIP).

Many of the Indians there are from Harnett County and have moved to Cumberland for employment — Fort Bragg is nearby.

Most Tuscaroras moved to the protection of the Iroquois Confederacy in 1712 — but some went underground. Now their descendants want recognition that they too are Tuscaroras. But they also want to be careful.

Champion Goins, an exuberant, outspoken man, says that he toured western U.S. reservations some years ago, and is still shocked at what he saw. "I came back to this organization (AIP) and told these people that if I had a choice of living on one of those places or living in the North Carolina State Penitentiary, I'd take the pen."

Many of the people are uncertain, however, of their ancestry.

"I grew up believing that my family were Cherokees, and that was that," Mrs. Bledsole says. But research has convinced her that many of the people who felt the same way are in fact, Tuscaroras. Like most Cumberland County Indians, Mrs. Bledsole is also a devout Baptist, and believes that her people are the Lost Tribe of the Bible.

The AIP is looking for foundation assistance of about \$25,000 for a daycare center — they already have built their own structure for an Indian center.

Mrs. Bledsole believes that desegregation has not helped the Indians. At one time, they had their own schools, but now in the "integrated schools", the Blacks are supported by enough pressure groups, and the white people have the controls — it is the Indians who are left out.

Goins agrees. "If Blacks were treated by the police the way Indians are, this town would be in flames."

(Thanks to Lee Ridenour, Fayetteville Observer staff writer, and to that paper, for this information.)



VIRGINIA CHICKAHOMINY MOVE BACK TO CARING FOR THEIR MOTHER EARTH

Jamestown, Virginia — A tall, thin man with long brown hair done up in a bun at the nape of his neck, whose round eyes and hawkish nose only lent a quiet restlessness to an otherwise placid face, bent down to the microphone at the speaker's platform and spoke a handful of strange words.

Strange, because they must have stirred the old ones about this historical spot where the first white settlement got a foothold. Strange, because they were Indian words.

Dr. Jack Forbes, a Chickahominy now teaching at the University of California and one of the founders of D-Q University at Davis, California, was saying that the native peoples across the land were awakening. "The whiteman chopped us down like trees but we have begun to sprout again. The entire nation is coming into a new life."

Forbes was speaker for the third annual Fall Festival of the Chickahominy people of the Powhatan Confederacy.

"Indian people do not exist only for themselves," he said, "but for the Earth, our mother, for the four-legged creatures upon it, and we must not get away from our sacred duty. And, our eternal duty," said Forbes, "is to care for the land no matter who lives upon the surface."

His words were echoed by Linwood Holton, governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, as he addressed the 3,000 guests at the festival.

"The natives of this land seemed to know by some natural instinct the elements should be preserved, the game should not be wasted, that the land should not be asked to give birth to the same crop in the same spot again and again. Unfortunately," said the governor, "it is the nature of the human beast to take for granted that which comes easily and freely. . ."

SCHAGHTICOKES WARNED AGAINST "ILLEGAL GATHERINGS" BY STATE

Kent, Connecticut — Schaghticokes holding a meeting and powwow on their reservation here October 7 have been warned by the State of Connecticut that such gatherings are illegal without the approval of the State's commissioner of welfare.

A letter signed by Frank Meheran, assistant to the director of state social services, says, "We wish to call your attention to Chapter 824 of the Connecticut General Statutes, Section 47-64, which reads in part that reservations . . . may be used for recreation or social purposes by Indians, descendants of Indians, and their guests at such times as the Welfare Commissioner may provide. We wish to caution you that using the reservation without the expressed approval of the Commissioner of Welfare may subject you to arrest for violation of this statute."

The letter was sent to Necia Hopkins, a tribal official. The reply to Meheran came from Dennis Saucier, newly appointed Sachema for the Schaghticoke Tribe.

"This land belonged to us, the Algonquin people, long before your King gave you a grant to our land. The land in Kent is all we have left to give to our children so they may live," Saucier said. And he promised that the Schaghticokes would be back — without the Commissioner's approval. "We shall continue to meet on our reservation to hold ceremonies and pow-wows for the benefit of the Schaghticoke people."

EASTERN NATIVE PEOPLE FEDERATE TO RE-OPEN NEGOTIATIONS WITH U.S.A.

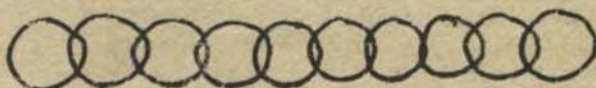
Washington, D.C. — Sioux writer Vine Deloria told a three-day conference of more than 100 representatives of 60 Atlantic Seaboard native tribes and nations that the burden of proof was on the federal government to show why it should not recognize its 250,000 members.

The meeting was sponsored by the Native American Rights Fund, and included such peoples as the Passamaquoddies, Penobscots, Narragansetts, Chickahominyes, Rappahanocks, Creeks and Iroquois.

Many of the Eastern states kept their "sovereign" rights in Indian matters, others never bothered to sign treaties. Often native peoples fled up and down the east coast as white settlements blossomed throughout the Indian homelands. It has just been in this decade that some have felt safe enough to identify themselves.

Some of the delegates to the meeting took time out to attend a meeting the National Tribal Chairmen's Association was having with Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton. The NTCA was proposing that it be the sole spokesman for native peoples in the United States, and that all grievances about government services, etc., would have to be routed through their channels. The chiefs confronted the NTCA and vigorously denounced the proposal.

(Thanks to Peggy Simpson, Associated Press writer, and to Chief Oliver Adkins of the Chickahominy people, and Jack Forbes of D-Q University for information.)



— photo by Buddy Norris / Newport News Times-Herald
Heads of state Oliver Adkins, chief of the Chickahominy Nation, and Virginia Governor Linwood Holton, confer

Chief C. Oliver Adkins expressed hope that one day there would be a permanent site for Indian culture, for since the integration of the Samaria School, the tribe no longer has a place for its meetings.

(Thanks to Jay Mundy, staff writer for the Newport News Times Herald for his September 25 article.)

SEMINOLE YOUTH CAUGHT IN SUICIDE EPIDEMIC BURIED IN TRIBAL JACKET

Miami, Florida — Clad in a tribal jacket, Victor McKinley Osceola, 19, lies buried in a white man's cemetery. He shot himself through the throat Nov. 4, although he did not die until ten days later.

What others say about the matter may give some clue as to why it happened.

Claude W. McClain, assistant superintendent of Everglades National Park, said Osceola worked there for a year, driving a tram in the park's northern section, pointing out natural attractions to tourists. The Park Service has six or eight Indians working there on their native land. "He was probably one of our most dependable employees among those of Indian ancestry. He seemed to be happy with the job he was doing."



Ranger Michael Warren, who drove Osceola to the hospital, said he was one of the young Indians "definitely caught between two cultures."

"It's worse on the young ones who are trying to find their own position between the traditions of their elders and the entirely different values of the white people," Warren said.

Joe Dan Osceola, director of federal Indian health service programs for the Seminole and Miccosukee tribes, pointed to a more personal reason.

Osceola said the youth had been "really depressed" about the death of two cousins "who were very close." One cousin was killed in an automobile accident — the second shot himself on the reservation.

(Thanks to Associated Press for information used here.)

Senator Mondale: We found fantastic suicide rates among Indian children.

Dr. Muhich: The teenage male American Indian has had the highest suicide rate of any human species on the face of the earth. It's been approaching around a hundred per 100,000 per year. . . It's also interesting there was a zero suicide rate among Indians prior to the invasion of white man from Europe.

Senator Mondale: Before we started helping them.

Dr. Muhich: Correct.

— Hearing before the Subcommittee on Children and Youth of the U.S. Senate Committee on Labor & Public Welfare, June 17, 1972, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THANKSGIVING DAY - - 1972

1621-1972 White Amerikas Feast - - - Our Famine

Plymouth, Massachusetts — There are certain ironies in the United States' celebration of Thanksgiving Day.

This year, for instance, U.S. troops in Vietnam, having done their best to devastate the country, decided to share Thanksgiving Dinner with 386 children from the China Beach Protestant Orphanage. The youngsters were bused to the squadron mess hall outside Da Nang.

"It did the children a power of good," said Air Force Chaplain Kenneth Nelson. "I've never seen so many shiny, happy faces."

Another irony is in the annual demand for Indians to put on the feathers to participate in pageants with white folks wearing high-buckle shoes and knickers to celebrate the beginning of the end of the native people.

This year, as in recent past years, the Indians have protested on the site of that sacred symbol of Thanksgiving itself, Plymouth Rock. Twelve New England tribes, joined by supporters, designated the day, "A Day of Mourning," and held a series of non-violent protests.

There was fear among the "Pilgrims" that there would be violence and destruction, and the annual Pilgrim's Procession through the main streets was under heavy police guard. David Freeman, director of the Plymouth Plantation, said he had received threats that someone may try to burn Mayflower II, the Pilgrim ship replica moored in Plymouth Harbor.

However, spokesmen for Indian groups insisted all along that their groups were not responsible for the threats, and that they would simply appear with their red armbands, would refuse to join the feasting, and would meet for songs, speeches, and ceremonial dances.

About 200 native people were there, and after a round of speeches at the statue of Chief Massasoit, the group moved to the Mayflower, which was boarded with official permission. Several young Indians climbed to the top of two 110-foot masts and replaced two British flags commonly flown by English merchant ships during the 17th century with a blue-silk banner bearing a red teepee design. Between 35 and 40 policemen watched from the dock.



Plymouth Rock Stomp Dance

Within a half hour, the Indians left the ship and walked to the shrine covering Plymouth Rock at the ocean's edge. Some Indians jumped onto the rock, and some newsmen said they saw Indians spit on the rock.

When a group of whites wearing 17th century costumes marched through the streets representing the 50 Pilgrims who survived the first winter the Indians followed behind, chanting, "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal."

Frank James, president of the Federated Eastern Indian League and a leader of the United American Indians of New England, said that the protest and mourning was for the oppression of native peoples.

The assembly, he said, "is indicting the hypocrisy of a system which glorifies repression. They also symbolize a unity which will enable us to regain our losses to the extent that is human and possible."

(Thanks to the Vinyard Gazette of Edgartown, Massachusetts, Benjamin Taylor of the Boston, Massachusetts, Globe, and the Associated Press for this information.)



"Have a nice Thanksgiving!"

— Philadelphia Inquirer

The Spirit of 1621 is still here...

EDITORIAL

Thanksgiving definition: a holiday introduced by Plymouth Rock squatters and other invaders of an inhabited land of seemingly endless abundance. In 1621, the "guest" Pilgrims thought it right to have a celebration to give thanks to God and Indian hosts who helped them survive the rugged winters and new surroundings.

Thanksgiving had humble beginnings — food was supplied by the Indians, and the rhetoric was supplied by the Pilgrims. God was viewed as a deliverer from evil (Europe) and He led them beside still waters (Cape Cod Bay) where the Puritan sons of God were descended upon by a host of friendly servants who reflected the abundance of the land.

The host American Indian saw nothing so special about this day — a feeling prevalent today, but for different reasons. The same earth, sky and foliage were present. In hunting for his "guest", the native American was more than generous, thinking not in lines but cycles. The visitors were seen as offering a chance to display hospitality and to give.

The limb that fell from the tree was used as a spear for fishing. When the limb was no longer useful as a spear, it became kindling for a cooking fire. And when the kindling became ash, the ash became fertilizer along with the remains of the fish. The Pilgrims were amazed the Indian did not object when a spear (limb) an Indian was using was picked up by a Puritan and taken for his own. Of course the Indian did not object, for he knew the limb was simply expressing itself in another service — for in nature there is no mine and yours, just phases. The Native American was thankful in giving this truth and sharing the abundance of nature, while the forefathers of the United States were thankful in receiving.

In the beginning, this case of mistaken identity of "getting" for "giving" was not so noticeable to either the Indians or the Puritans themselves. After all, how much damage could 100 potential capitalists and generals do, surrounded and isolated in New England by howling winds and unpaved paths?

But it takes a lot to keep a bad man down, as will be proven by the ensuing chapters of American demise, highlighted by bombastic rhetoric every November — reflecting the current trials of God's chosen from taming the savage, clearing the satanic forest, to building a Nationstate, through Manifest Destiny, to the demonic Plains Wars, and soaring to international conquest... all to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Soon the skies cleared as was the land. The generous Native Americans, once "God's children and servants", were suddenly in the way, and savage besides. The chosen few soon became the self-ordained many. Keepers of the peace, Guardians of the land, and supposedly spiritual transparencies for God's will. The humanizing wisdom of the first Thanksgiving hosts was replaced by thundering oratory against Nature's wilds and its wild inhabitants. "Satan is out there and God commands us to Christianize him."

Unfortunately, this ignorance was not confined to the Northeast. Destiny called. Soon more ships responded and sailed to their "New World." The same old spirit of Thanksgiving was in the pioneers and forefathers (still invaders) hearts... "A nation is to be built as a testimonial to God, and evil to be destroyed as an eulogy to the devil."

America was fading fast, as was humanity above nations. The main task was to build a nation in God's

image. Regretably, this main construction project had a frightening resemblance to the Puritan idea of God's image. But this time it was called "Manifest Destiny", a 19th Century version of love it or leave it. However, this time, Indians couldn't be labeled as foreign Communists... for obvious reasons. However, to today's "real" Americans, it might seem highly suspicious that Indians are red.

Manifest Destiny in retrospect was the calm before the storm for Indians, and Thanksgiving. Thanksgivings were simple moments of fiery God-Nation-Evil themes... "Evil in the Everglades," "Discipline, Destiny, and the Devil," and "Our Maker and Our Battles."

During the last years of the Indian Wars, Indians who were either half dead by starvation or cavalry bullets were commanded to turn to God as their last will and testament. Their second to last was usually giving up all their land. Indians also were reminded from the pulpit and Washington, D.C., that the "thanksgiving spirit of the early days should be rekindled." The Indians knew the flame had never gone out.

Today the Spirit of 1621 is still here. Unquestioned. The Indian is seen as a brother in the bond, only to wonder. Only the characters have changed. Evil is created to keep the United States "united." Virgin forests have been replaced by space as the new object to be conquered. And of course, God is still a member of the President's cabinet and Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"Little has changed since the day of the Pilgrim," states our college history book... and for once they're right. For what remains in the United States consciousness are the words of Puritans... and on Thanksgiving, they crawl into print and TV tape:

"Thank you Lord for deliverance to our place in history. May we show might over the evils, whether they are disguised as people, ideas, or the unknown."

The same United States wisdom that sends us to Indochina. The same wisdom that paves fields and poisons our drinking water.

Lost in the thunder of United States' nation-building has been the native American spirit from the "early days":

"To own land? Land is a path, not a rock. Before you know, these white men will want to own the water, cage the bird, and lay claim to the sky. Don't they know life is flight, not capture... freedom is peace not owning."

Exit America. Enter the United States.

(This editorial is by Tim Leedom, a member of the Hawaii Council of American Indian Nations, and was published on Thanksgiving Day in the Honolulu Advertiser.)



COCHITI LAKE: A NEW LEVITTOWN

Look at this! Shrotsem Street, it means I love you in Keres.



Cochiti Pueblo, New Mexico — Looking tough as a longshoreman and tired as someone who's just lost a ten-year court battle, Sam Arquero stands outside his pueblo, and before he talks, I know his life has not been tranquil. He smiles faintly and extends his right hand, but his heart isn't really in it.

"You know, I really resent environmentalists coming out here telling us not to build. Why should they tell us what to do? They're eating. We weren't tricked into signing that contract with that land company. We knew what we were doing." My presence, not my questions, solicits this reaction.

I manage a comment.

"Well, to tell you the truth, this whole thing really makes me sick. I mean from a moral standpoint, not an environmental one. This development company makes me sick."

Religion is the lifestyle. Cochitis still live in stark, rectangular pueblos, most of which are identically furnished. Activities conform to a regular schedule, the same schedule which timed group functions hundreds of years ago. For most outsiders, Cochiti is often a depressing and lifeless place, offering at best a monotonous existence. But here, the Cochitis flourish, nurtured by a religion which respects the earth.

It seems no one would want a place like Cochiti, a colony of Indians regarded as dead-weight in American society. But for land developers, the allure of such unused desolation is irresistible.

Cochiti could make someone rich, these outsiders decided, but first it must be developed properly. Indian land, in contrast to regular land, is ripe for free enterprise and now the dealers of property, of dry rules and bars, of zones and golf courses, flock to the pueblo,

sold since fall, 1970, prices per unit ranging from \$2250 to \$12,500. The fastest selling zones are those for townhouses and residential homes. Part of the 7500 acres will be maintained by Great Western as a shopping center and recreational area. Eventually, schools and a junior college will become part of the desertscape.

Although salespeople will volunteer information about ecological aspects of the project, they are instructed to be vague about Indian employment on the project, and about economic advantages for the Cochitis versus possible cultural damage. Great Western claims it wants to relieve the housing situation in New Mexico, yet price for land at Cochiti Lake hardly aid those affected by bad housing.

While many jobs will be created by the building of Cochiti Lake, there is no provision in Great Western's lease with Cochiti for Indian employment.



Pueblo, neo-American style . . . typical of progress in the Southwest

He pauses for a few minutes, then looks across the bleak yucca and sand landscape to three townhouses, "southwest style", as the hype says, in the distance.

"Whadya think, we like this? I don't like them coming up here and putting up these houses. There's always a threat to Indian culture." His voice becomes more passionate, less gentle. "We want to preserve our culture, but we have to eat too."

Nick Carter stands behind a sales counter in the real estate office of Great Western Cities, Inc. Wearing a green sharkskin suit, a wide (though subdued) psychedelic tie, he grins and dabs his tongue with a pocket-sized bottle of binaca.

"I'm in management here, what do you think of our project, d'ya like it, I mean are you interested in looking around? You don't look like the type of person who would like what we're doing; most of our clients don't wear t-shirts and bell-bottoms, just a little joke of course, hope you're not offended."



He slides from behind the counter and heads toward a model of Cochiti Lake, the city currently in the works at Cochiti Pueblo.

"Look, ya see this? We're naming the streets with Indian names, look at this, Shrotsem Street, it means I love you in Keres, that's what they speak. We're following a southwest style of architecture and our homes will fit right into the environment."

Cochiti Pueblo lies hidden in the desert about 40 miles north of Albuquerque, New Mexico. It is not charted on maps, although it is a reservation, and the only clue to its presence is a small sign marking the turn off into the barren landscape west of the main road. A long passage leads through the wind-swept territory to a cluster of pueblos yielding the first signs of life.

The village, once controlled by missionaries from Spain, is still cluttered with refuse of foreign domination. A Catholic church stands at one end, although ceremonial life centers around the kiva, the traditional ritual center. Many Indians have Spanish surnames, although they will often disclaim direct contact. Tribal government incorporates certain elements of Spanish rule, and several Spanish holidays are celebrated, but conventional social structure remains virtually unchanged.

clamoring to sell what isn't theirs. Within days of a deal, Great Western publishes a newspaper, pictures of Cochiti officials shaking hands with land barons covering the front page, and articles like "Find Arrowheads in your Backyard", "Indian Food May be Available", and "Colorful Dances to be Held Annually." Great Western bills the development itself, "The Land of the Seven-Day Weekend" and Cochiti, now helpless, sits in the desert sea, waiting for hungry sharks to devour it.

Until recently, the whale eluded the hunters. Since contact with the Spanish, Cochiti was understandably reluctant to establish relations with other cultures. Periodically, a few Cochitis conceded to interviews with anthropologists, but the interviews were usually misused or misunderstood. Within the past five or six years, Cochiti became poorer. Its lifeline was its tiny farming and sheep-raising income, supplemented by rent from Spanish farmers who leased Cochiti property. Lately there were droughts. The tribe needed money.

The hunt ended in 1970, when the Army Corps of Engineers decided to build a dam on Rio Grande Cochiti property for "flood control purposes". A lake will appear in 1975 ("Watch a lake happen!" one ad lures) although some geologists say there isn't enough water to make a mud puddle. But the word lake in New Mexico means money. Enter Great Western Cities, Inc., a land development company which some charge conspired with the Bureau of Indian Affairs to acquire Indian land, a land development company which marketed itself in true Manifest Destiny tradition:



"Yes, land is still the most important item in man's life. Land has made more people rich, happy, secure, and healthy than any other commodity in the world . . ."

Cochiti Lake, a 7500 acre area leased for 99 years by Cochiti Pueblo's council to Great Western Cities, Inc., will be ready for picnickers, boaters, mobile home owners, townhouse residents and even bowling leagues in several years. Almost 40 per cent of the land has been

Cochiti's nouveau riche status may not offset possible cultural damage. A tribal informant told a local anthropologist that the tribe's cacique, the religious leader, has moved sacred objects out of the kiva to Santo Domingo, a nearby pueblo. I spoke to several Cochitis, and none would confirm or deny this.

I visited the model townhouses, allegedly designed by "noted architects," hoping to see structures which respected environment. Instead, I saw the prototypes to a pueblo-styled Levittown, complete with plastic vines and plants, gunracks, simulated antlers, vinyl zebra-print couches, telescopes, and Hemingway books. In case a prospective land-buyer did not have an identity, one was instantly provided.

I told the hostess, a Great Western saleswoman in Indian moccasins, turquoise necklaces and bracelets and rings, I didn't like Great Western culture.

"Oh, you can furnish your house yourself," she said. "But many of our clients prefer to have our designers select their furnishings."

(This view of land-leases in the southwestern United States Indian lands was written by Deanne Stillman for Underground Press Service this autumn.)

"Hi! I'm Bruce King, speaker of New Mexico House of Representatives, state representative of Santa Fe County. And it certainly is a pleasure to appear here this morning on this beautiful spot and view the Sandia Mountains to the East of us and the large metropolitan area of over 300,000 people. And I'm sure that in the next two decades, we will expand much more and the City of Albuquerque will overflow and come right in the path of where we are standing this morning. And it will no doubt be a million people in the next two decades. The population of America is expanding, but they don't make any more land. Certainly we have a golden future in our wonderful land of enchantment in New Mexico, and we would like to welcome people from throughout our fine country to come and join us here in Albuquerque, New Mexico."

— Bruce King, now governor of New Mexico, in a promotional film for Rio Rancho Estates

BOOK REVIEWS

(In the Spring issue of The Indian Historian, John White reviewed Tell Them They Lie: The Sequoyah Myth, by Traveller Bird, a descendant of Sequoyah. White called Bird's book "an elaborate fabrication." This reply is written by Traveller Bird.)

The review of my book by John White is so misleading and erroneous that I feel a reply is necessary. I am not concerned with the reviewer's skepticism, but I challenge John White's authority as a one-man judge and jury of my book.

The reviewer got uptight over the description of "Sequoyah" by a direct descendant:

"... Sequoyah in this book, is transformed into '... a full blood Indian of the Cherokee, Taliwa and Tascigi Tribes, who desired to remain Indian, and to hold fast to his tribal heritage and cultural teachings. Nearly six feet tall, he was a rugged man with a keen knowledge and memory.' (p. 14). "... Contemporary descriptions of Sequoyah mention that he was a cripple, or at least walked with a limp, and that his appearance was rather undistinguished, except for a meditative and philosophical frame of mind. This, apparently, was not considered the stuff of epic culture hero ..."

It seems strange that the reviewer, a Cherokee, doubts all his kinspeople. There is an excellent description of "Sequoyah" given by John Ridge on page 108 of my text. I grew up in a traditional Indian home, where cultural traditions and history of my people were life-ways. I didn't get Cherokee biography from white-written fakelore literature. Oral descriptions of my blood ancestor came down to me from my mother's mother's mother, who died in 1943 at the age of 89. She, in turn, got her information from her mother, the youngest daughter of the Cherokee man known as Sequoyah and George Guess.

Traditional Old Ones in the hills of Oklahoma, the mountains of North Carolina and Mexico attest the fact that Sequoyah was a fullblood, tall, and a strong man. I relied on my great grandmother's description. But if the reviewer prefers to believe the "little lame man of meditative and philosophical" fakelore, drawn from the writings of Samuel Lorenzo Knapp, John Howard Payne, William A. Phillips, John Ross, Emmet Starr and others who never saw "Sequoyah", then that's his privilege.

It was not the intention of the author to make "Sequoyah" an "... epic culture hero ..."

When we, the seventeen direct heirs of his valuable documents began to translate our ancestor's writings in the winter of 1961, we were advised by our Old traditional People that: "Too many factions. You make People mad." We, the heirs, felt that we had kept silent a long time and permitted fakelore to become FACTS. Our ancestor's voice, the voice of a fighter, spoke to us from his written pages. Above all, he wanted the People — Aniyuwiya — everywhere, to know that he did NOT INVENT the Cherokee syllabary. That he used our ancient method of writing and reading to teach traditional Cherokee so that the People could retain their native culture and lifeways. In his children and grandchildren's writings, there came just this: A wish to restore or let the People everywhere know that the man known as "Sequoyah" and George Guess, was a fullblood Indian. For more than 143 years, my blood



ancestor has been denied his fullblood heritage, not only by the whites, but also non-traditional Cherokee. Therefore, I wrote the book at the risk of ridicule and great sacrifice.

(2) "... The mixed blood portion of the Cherokee is explained by the author as a practice of white-sired Cherokees of Indian slaves, a method employed by the Anglos to divide and conquer. This led to hatred and jealousies within the tribe, and to mixed-blood appointed chiefs." (p. 21). "This is contrary to all record and tradition."

What record, John White? Did you bother to check data of non-Indian as well as all Indian documentation?

I am speaking of the period between 1690-1750. One of the duties of the Seven Clan Scribe Society was to keep a record of tribesmen killed and those taken into slavery by the conquerors. Certainly slavery was against Cherokee tradition; certainly marrying the enemy was against Cherokee tradition, but then Indian slaves did-



n't have a choice, did they? I preferred my ancestor's reliable documentation over that of distorted literature. But I had no difficulty finding statistics on Cherokee and other Southern Indian slavery to be sure of my facts. There are numerous accounts of Southern Indian slavery in the *South Carolina Gazette* and other published literature. I will quote: according to statistics of South Carolina in 1708, the total population was 9,580. 2,900 were negroes; 1,400 Indians held in the province ... "To keep Indians from running away they were shipped to New England and the West Indies. ..."

If the reviewer prefers to believe the mixed-blood faction of the Cherokee tribe originated from Scottish traders, that's his bag. Some certainly did, but not all. It would certainly take a hell of a lot of Scott traders to make up the mixed blood faction, which just isn't so. Publish and unpublished records prove the author's statements in my book.

"... According to 'Traveller Bird', the Cherokee bartered their native gold for European trade goods ... (p 27) 'There is, to the best of my knowledge, no record of Cherokee gold coming to the attention of Europeans until shortly before the Removal. It was the discovery of the 'Georgia Gold Fields' that led to a vast influx of Anglo squatters into the Nation, and furnished fuel for the Removal itself."

The reviewer's statement reveals his ignorance of traditional Cherokee history and a lack of scholarly research. I will quote from the published literature since he doubts my "authentic source":

"... According to traditions in some parts of the gold regions (which may embrace a track of a thousand square miles), that precious metal has been found from early times and sometimes in large masses ... " The books of the U.S. Mint record the receiving of gold from North Carolina in the year 1814, when \$511,000 dollars' worth was obtained. Between that time and 1824, an annual average of only \$2,500 was received; in 1825, \$17,000, 1826: \$20,000; 1827: \$21,000; 1828: nearly \$46,000; and 1829, \$128,000. The best gold-washings are in the counties of Burke and Rutherford ... The richest mines, properly so called, where the metal is found in rocks and stones, are in Mecklenburg, Rowan, Davidson, and Cabarras Counties ... " 2

The reviewer doubts the author's collection:

"... If such a collection exists and proves to be genuine, it is obviously of enormous importance to the Cherokee People, and should be published as soon as possible."

No Indian author is so stupid to claim who he is, and that he has authentic documentation, unless he can prove it. Certainly the documents in the collection of the descendants of George Guess, known as Sequoyah, are important. They have not been available to The People — they may not be. I am sure the People understand traditional rights of the heirs on this matter. I would like to believe the reviewer, a "claimed" Cherokee, should know the reserve mind of the traditional Cherokee and how to "break through that barrier" of distrust. He has not succeeded.

The last paragraph is the essence of the reviewer's superior attitude toward a kinsman. Preposterous accusations to the author; and warnings to would-be authors of the "Big Chief" put-down reveals a lack of wisdom in this age of Indian self-determination. This "threat tactic" is nothing more than that of the dominant society and is self-defeating. It is not the Indian way of doing things.

When the reviewer calls the book "elaborate fabrication" on the basis of so-called scholarly knowledge, without having seen, read, examined and evaluated the author's "authentic source", he is being foolhardy.

I believe I have a right to present my viewpoint of my blood ancestor to the reader as I know him from his

own writings, those of his children, leaders of that period, and from traditional oral information I received as I grew up. The reader may or may not agree with my thoughts on my ancestor. That's his right. I said so in my bibliographical note.

I shall continue to restore my ancestor's fullblood heritage, and will attack those whose intent on distorting the facts is for personal or political gain. I stand firmly by my words, my "source" and by the publisher of my book.

— Traveller Bird

(Literature cited: 1. Crane, Verner W. The Southern Frontier, 1670-1732, p. 113, p. 20-21. 2. A Pictorial Description of the United States, Boston, John A. Lee & Co., 1871. p. 359.)

The Trickster: A Study in American Indian Mythology by Paul Radin, with commentaries by Karl Kerényi and C.G. Jung; introduction by Stanley Diamond. Schocken 1956/72 \$2.95.

The Trickster: superhero, superchump. Every people seems to have its clowns to satire and counterpoint the seriousness of ritual and life. With native peoples on this land (and perhaps others), The Trickster combines in one body the dualities: he creates and he destroys, he fools others and is fooled himself. He is a con man who is as often as not the victim of his own actions.

The accounts transcribed here from the Winnebago people are gusty tales that would be X-rated by most American censors, the sort of book most white anthropologists would have to hide from their children. Yet Trickster is so comic (and human?) that his exploits return us to our own humanity, rather than alienating ourselves as "obscene".

Trickster figures he is so great he will not be affected by a laxative plant that asks to be eaten. Trickster is tricked by the chipmunk to cut off his penis. Trickster causes the chief's daughter to get soiled by a mink. Trickster changes into a woman and marries the chief's son.

Trickster is good reading on its own, a point which Radin seems to appreciate. His analysis of the tales and comparing the Winnebago version of Trickster with the Papago, Anishnabeg, or other peoples, is interesting scholarship. However, the commentaries and introduction seem to suffice chiefly to make Trickster palatable to Western tastes — Jung puts trickster in psychoanalytic terms, Diamond in Biblical terms, and Kerényi relates it to the Greek Mythology which is taught to almost every American school-child.

What is needed, for native people, is to relate Trickster to their own lives and ways, to understand his significance in terms of their own lives. For this, they will have to turn to their own medicine people and analysts. Surely these difficult times will produce a whole new series of modern-day Tricksterisms — Trickster Visits the BIA; Trickster on Relocation in Chicago; Trickster Meets the Missionary, etc. For Trickster lives.



The Whispering Wind: Poetry by Young American Indians. Edited by Terry Allen. Doubleday, 1972 \$1.95, paperback.

This is a collection of poetry by 14 native people who were students of the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe. The poems themselves have power and sensitivity, revealing youthful hopes and dreams and troubles — the book can stand on its own weight.

Unfortunately, the context of the book seems to place the credit for the creativity on the Institute, rather than upon the poets. Terry Allen's preface even implies that there were no native poets before the BIA and the Institute came along: "Here and there, for hundreds of years, an occasional individual Indian has written or dictated folk tales, bits of ceremonial poetry, or reminiscences. ... The instances of American Indian authors expressing their personal views of the human condition have, until the last few years, been rare and unnoticed." And then came "education" and the Institute.

We recommend the poets, obviously as American (and as talented) as Edgar Allan Poe and James Whitcomb Riley. The appreciation for their work should go to them alone — and that should be satisfaction enough for the IAIA.

BOOK REVIEWS

Home of the Red Man: Indian North America Before Columbus. by Robert Silverberg, *Washington Square Press, N.Y. 1971.*

This short popularly written survey pays pro forma respects to past Indian suffering without acknowledging the Indian's situation today, nor to white responsibility for that. The author, for all his uneven erudition and apparent understanding, believes like most whites that Indian culture is fated to extinction and that the faster Indians assimilate to white culture, the better for them. Finally, and inexcusably, the text perpetuates sensationalistic notions about Indian culture and the stereotype of the Indian as violent savage.

Silverberg's biases betray themselves in the last chapter. "The Apache, the Navaho . . . were . . . forced to abandon . . . their existence. Lucky ones like the Hopi . . . "Lucky ones like the Hopi . . . continued to live in the ways of their forefathers; others, perhaps even luckier [emphasis ours] made the headlong leap into the world of the invaders, adapting completely . . ." Or: "Anyway, Indian life today is a general picture of . . . prosperity . . . more hopeful than . . . at any time since 1942."

— Ed Goldstein



The Price of Change in White America by W.F. Benjamin. *Newafrica Press. \$9.95.*

This is the latest work by W.F. Benjamin, the noted Harlem anthropologist who is doubtless the greatest living authority on White Americans. He has spent much time with these people, dwelt in their villages, known as suburbs, has taken part in some of their most solemn rituals, and has been accepted as one of them, as far as this is possible for an outsider.

In his previous books, *Love Thy Neighbor*, *How Much Was It?* and *Filling the Double Garage*, as well as in numerous articles, lectures and discussions, he has argued for the complexity and subtlety of this strange culture and defended it against those who dismiss White Americans as simple innocent savages. They have, he contends, adapted well to the harsh conditions of their environment and their behavior cannot be understood without keeping this constantly in mind.

In *Love Thy Neighbor*, he says, "Who knows what social aberrations we too might invent were we forced to inhabit such a world as they daily endure. Rather than criticize their means of survival, we should be filled with respect that they have managed to survive at all."

The purpose of the present volume is to plead with the civilized world not to allow this unique culture to be destroyed. He carefully and eloquently explains the nature of the danger, and then outlines a plan to save both the people and the culture. He is convinced that relieving the oppressive conditions of life in White America does not necessitate condemning the culture to extinction.

He begins with a summary of contacts White Americans have had with the rest of the world. For centuries they have been able to maintain economic relations without excessive cultural borrowing. He relates some of the ways they have accomplished this.

"Ghettoes," a geographical isolation of outsiders, has been important, and a more subtle practice of social isolation such that a group is dealt with as a unit instead of the characteristics of the group being considered. They have even developed a primitive racism to try to protect themselves from being absorbed by clearly superior cultures.

In the last few years, Benjamin explains, more and more foreign elements have made their way into the culture. Many, and especially the young, have begun to discover the advantages of civilization, and have discarded both the traditions into which they were born, and their elders' concern for continuing those traditions. He readily concedes that in this way, the incidence and severity of many diseases are being diminished, most especially the neuroses, alienation, drive for advancement, and overconsumptive malnutrition, a disease unknown to most of the world.

At the same time, however, the values and social structures are disappearing, and are not being replaced by altered native values, but by borrowed values and structures. One example of this is that personal and sexual relationships are becoming more humane.

Cultural values are not being passed from parent to child, and the continuity of life between the old and the young dissolves. Normal acculturation, he reminds us, is a process of the interaction of change and continuity to form a new culture. When the continuity is gone, there is only borrowing, and exclusive borrowing leads to complete loss of the original culture. A chilling indication of the advanced stages of this lack of continuity is that the natives themselves have a term for it: "the generation gap."

An example he gives us is the accumulation of personal property that can be measured in monetary terms, the subject of *How Much Was It?* This has been virtually the sole criteria of social status.

"Loss of this," he says, "will certainly benefit each White American individual by eliminating the disorders which result from it; but they have no other way to divide the society, nothing to fall back on in determining division of labor." This is not to be taken lightly, for with the mechanical devices they command, it is essential that only a very few members of society be engaged in useful, productive work. The remainder must be given useless, unproductive employment — such as convincing other people to purchase a certain product, a class of products, or in some cases, a product of any kind, or an incredible ritual known as "politics."

This is necessary because one of the strongest taboos is against an individual being primarily occupied with other than the limited number of activities which they define as work. Violation of this taboo brings punishment greater even than murder, for the offender is cast out of society and denied the most basic necessities of life, whereas the murderer is merely imprisoned and cared for at public expense.

The author has argued elsewhere that the imagination required to invent such unproductive work indicates that the strong rejection of leisure, called "idleness" or "vagrancy" is not, as some have contended, due to genetic lack of imagination, and that the explanation must be sought elsewhere; his own theory is interesting but inconclusive.

Obviously then, a social system will not grow spontaneously around native economic necessity, but must be constructed artificially, or borrowed *in toto* from a foreign source. Construction of such an elaborate and arbitrary system takes time — time, Benjamin says, they are not being given. Therefore, their only alternative to chaos is to accept, even invite, a kind of cultural colonization.

Change is necessary, he concludes, meaning both inevitable and desirable, but if innovations are introduced too quickly, the culture will resist change and disintegrate under the pressure of advanced civilization. The people will adopt new cultures rather than try to change their own, and this unique way of living will be gone forever, relegated to anthropology books and museums.

"Though it seems now to have virtually nothing to contribute to humanity still it is a human experience, one interpretation of Mankind, and when it is gone, we will all lose." He asks that the change be slowed down and controlled that White Americans be allowed to adjust to some aspects of civilization before others are introduced.



Again, he offers us concrete example: if music had been introduced alone, the natives might, in time, have developed their own style of dancing, and perhaps, eventually developed from that their own form of music. But since dancing was introduced about the same time as music, the rhythms of both — foreign rhythms, remember — are spreading through all parts of the culture too quickly to be absorbed.

"Go slow," he says, he begs, he demands. "Give them time to walk from the darkness of their isolation into the sunshine of world community of civilized people, without going blind. A measure of moderation now

might save this otherwise doomed culture and who can tell but that in centuries to come, after they have been nourished carefully and led slowly up to the standards we enjoy, perhaps their world view, so peculiar to us now, will make some lasting contribution to our common world."

Benjamin's facts are authoritative, his logic is sound, his writing is easy and pleasant to read. He gives us glimpses into a colorful, exotic world we would otherwise not know, and he does so with sympathy and humor. The sadness is that all of this, and his highly emotional appeal as well, will most certainly be ignored, just as all other such appeals have been ignored before.

(This review is by Mark Miller, and was printed in *Straight Creek Journal*, a Denver, Colorado, alternate newspaper of considerable merit, published at 1450 Pennsylvania St., Denver 80203, to whom we are grateful for this satire.)



The Magic World: American Indian Songs and Poems, by William Brandon. *William Morrow & Co., \$2.50 in paperback. Royalties donated to Rough Rock Demonstration School*

Even with the tide of fascination with American Indians still at the flood, most people can't take their world seriously. Seriously the way we are expected to appraise the great men and works of the Judeo-Christian tradition of the West.

Indians remain pretty much entertainment, whether it is having their crafts admired, or their poverty bemoaned. Perhaps this is because the fact of a culturally and spiritually different presence within the U.S. confines, one which nags with its prior claims to those confines, is somehow threatening.

In any case, since non-Indians are rarely serious about Indian existence, and know so little about it, they permit vague feelings of authenticity and bland stereotypes to be the measure of things Indian. Thus a recent work, *Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*, uncritically received critical acclaim until it is disclosed that a goodly portion of the book had been plagiarized. Then nobody cares much.

So much of the outpouring of Native Americana is books *about* Indians, republished pieces of popular anthropology which never caught on a few decades back but which now satisfy the voracious, indiscriminating appetite of fadists for the latest minority morsel.

However, there are some new, responsibly-wrought portholes into the mute and mysterious heart of Indian America. They require patience and care to absorb, and a consciousness that has the time to experience new dimensions of language. The book of Indian songs and poems, which the author of *The American Heritage Book of Indians* has movingly selected and edited, is such a book.

Brandon has obviously labored with love to make these gems of Indian oral tradition accessible. The delicacy and reverence of his editorial effort does move the reader past the ethnographic emphasis which in the past has kept this wealth of literature shrouded in musty anthropological monographs.

From the epic, rambling songs of the Aztec to the Haiku-like stanzas of the Pima, these verses carry all the economy and urgency of a literature which had to be relevant to survive by word-of-mouth alone. Often the naturalistic arena from which these songs and dreams and legends arise is only implied, to mystify with suggestions and echoings of American tribal pasts where the line between history and mythology is elusive.

But in almost every case, an open imagination, willing to unclutter itself from the torrent of language we are numbed by each day, can make inroads into the precise, evocative, magical world of this native oral tradition.

— Peter Nabokov

(Peter Nabokov is a writer and researcher, whose book, *Two Leggings* [presently out of print] is the chronicle of a Crow warrior, *Two Leggings*. Our good friend and brother William Brandon has been a strong supporter of AKWESASNE NOTES, and we renew our greetings to him. Both authors live in Monterey, California.) (This review is excerpted from one appearing in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*.)

PRISON NEWS



MÉTIS PROFESSOR SAYS NATIVE PEOPLE IN PRISONS VICTIMS OF COLONIALISM

(Dr. Howard Adams is a professor in the college of education of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. He is also the great grandson of a Métis who fought with Louis Riel. Dr. Adams, who is active in the Indian-Métis struggle, writes here on the imprisonment of native peoples. While he discusses the Canadian scene in particular, his remarks are equally appropriate for American areas with native populations.)

Indians and Métis are among the most imprisoned people in the world.

Ninety per cent of the inmates of the women's jail in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, are natives. More than 65 per cent of the inmates in Regina and Prince Albert jails are Indians and Métis.

It was reported recently that among the Western nations, excluding the United States, Canada has the highest percentage of its people in prisons, that is, on a per capita basis. And a disproportionate number of these prisoners are native persons — Indians and Métis are only 4 per cent of the Canadian population. This is an outrage. It is worse than South Africa, or even Uganda.

As native people, we are not greater criminals than whites. Most of the brothers and sisters are in jails for minor offences which stem from the frustrations of living in a racist and colonial society. These prison statistics clearly show the serious racism of the police and judicial systems of Canada.

Ex-Corporal Jack Ramsay of the RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) is right when he says that racism is "all part of the (RCMP) system." It is more than the viewpoint of individual Mounties. He stated that "if ever senior officers want to use an example of an unsavory character it's... an Indian."

But Mounties do not need special training to become racists — being a Canadian is enough. That is the kind of racism that exists in most of Canada's institutions, such as the schools, churches, and the judicial system. In spite of this, Canadian politicians and government pretend to the world that Canada is not a racist country. I feel sorry for the Ugandan Asian immigrants who will soon come face-to-face with Canadian bigotry and racial hostility.

Prisoners are more than statistics, though. Last month, I visited these jails in Saskatchewan and talked to my brothers and sisters. I felt their frustrations and bitter-

ness as they told me how they had become involved in the theft of an automobile, or a "breaking and entering" and how the police had either persuaded or terrorized them into pleading guilty, or how they were assured of a small fine — but instead the judge gave them six or more months.

Many claimed they were jailed simply because they were Indian — white who committed similar offenses were either given suspended sentences or light fines.

As I wandered through the prison corridors and met prisoners, it seemed to me that almost every inmate was a native person who was under 25 years of age. I began to wonder if all 700,000 Indians and Métis would soon be locked up.

In some parts of northern Canada, "Mississippi justice" operates. For example, each month on one court circuit the judge and Mounties prosecute nearly 100 native persons, sending many to jail on minor alcohol offenses that are the result of poverty and unemployment.

Last month, a lawyer unexpectedly showed up and defended Indians and Métis who were charged. Immediately, the judge and Mounties tried to drop most of their cases, fearing that their "Mississippi justice" would be exposed when natives were cross-examined. Nevertheless, their racist court system was still revealed.

The judge has now resigned, but the Mounties remain. However, it is not enough to change a racist judge — the whole judicial system must be changed. Filling the jails is not the answer. Remember Attica.

The farther north you go, the more colonial and racist the police and judicial system becomes. In one far northern community, the judge sentenced so many natives to jail in one day that it took three days to transport them to the jail. Whiteman's Law and Order in the far-flung Northwest Territories is bound to be the most colonial and racist of Canada.

Of the hundreds of Eskimos and Indians arrested in the North each year on liquor violations, many cannot speak English. In Whiteman's court, one speaks English, or one doesn't speak at all. The prison population of the N.W.T. at Yellowknife, which is almost exclusively Eskimo and Indian, can testify to that.

Every single movement of the Eskimos is subject to total control by Ottawa through the territories' commissioner. To this commissioner, the territories is his feudal manor and the 20,000 Eskimos are his serfs, who are treated with contempt. It is little wonder that most of the employed Eskimos are doing all the janitorial, maintenance, and "crap" jobs for the whites. Shades of Rhodesia and Alabama! Since Eskimos are trapped in ghettos that are separated by thousands of miles of Arctic snow and cold, they cannot shop for jobs.

Typical of colonial governments, Ottawa spends many thousands of dollars to fly a judge and police to a small Eskimo settlement to sentence a bewildered Eskimo to a racist jail. At the same time, the government refuses to help the Eskimos become masters of their own destiny.

Canadian laws are likewise discriminatory and oppressive against native people. Operators of public business can refuse to serve Indians and Métis simply because they are natives, and still be protected from prosecution.

A beer parlor operator in Saskatoon said "this hotel does not serve Indians and Métis" and kick out all 40 of us natives with the help of the police. At least in Mississippi segregated bars are provided for colored people. Except for one small provincial law, this hotel operator cannot be prosecuted for this racial crime. And before we can prosecute him, we must first obtain permission from the provincial attorney-general, who can readily refuse, which he has done once already. Even if we get a conviction against this millionaire businessman, the maximum fine is \$50.

Human Rights organizations and the famous Canadian Bill of Rights are useless against crimes of racial discrimination. Such bills seem to be little more than

white liberal "fronts" which give the appearance of justice, when in actuality it does not exist. This is so typical of Canadian hypocrisy. While Indians and Métis cannot prosecute whites who commit racial crimes against them, yet natives frequently are thrown in jail for little more than being Indian, on such contrived charges as vagrancy, drunkenness, etc.

The Canadian government shouts about the evils of racism in other countries, e.g., Uganda, while at the same time using vicious racist practices and laws against its own native citizens.

The average income of an Indian family on a reserve is \$1,000 per year. An anthropologist in Alberta found that the annual income of 75 per cent of Indian families is less than \$2,000. The average income of Métis families is not much better, approximately \$2,300 a year.



The rate of unemployment among native people is over 50 per cent. It is not that we are lazy or prefer to live on welfare, or in jail as many white people claim. For a job last spring that required four employees, 52 native persons applied.

The main reason for the high rate of unemployed is because there are no jobs on the reserves and in Métis communities. Also, Manpower offices discriminate against native workers. A recent survey of Indians and Métis showed that 98 per cent claimed Manpower officials discriminated against them, in one way or another.

According to these natives, the few jobs that Manpower found for them were typical "Indian jobs", such as casual laboring work, maintenance, rock-picking, dish-washing, domestic work, etc., and "dirty" jobs that whites won't take.

When are politicians and government going to wake up to the apartheidism of Canadian society? Are they waiting for violence to erupt? Is this the only language the government authorities understand?

Apparently Ottawa thinks that because they have co-opted and "bought-off" all native leaders and organizations that they have solved the problems of the Indians and Métis. The government knows full well that it has not solved any of the native people's demands; nor does it intend to solve any, unless pressured into it.

Instead, government officials "buy off" native elites, and hope this will silence the native liberation movement. Ottawa is now using these co-opted native leaders to control and oppress the masses of powerless Indians and Métis who continue to live in poverty and underdevelopment.

But underneath, the native world continues to smoulder with greater frustrations and hostilities every day. The serious violence within the Indian and Métis Nation of murdering and wounding brothers and sisters will likely be turned outward on white society before too long.

The political leaders in this [last] election have deliberately avoided the Indian-Métis issue because it would "open a can of worms" that might hurt their political campaign. For Canadians, racism creates uncomfortable feelings; therefore they prefer to keep the issue silent, and discuss their racist society only with superficial and hypocritical politeness. They never get to the guts of the issue.

It is hoped that Canadian politicians are not so steeped in a racist mentality that they are insensitive to the apartheid predicament of three-quarters of a million native citizens.

(Thanks to the Toronto Star for this article, which was one in a series on the "real issues" of the recent Canadian election.)

We Offer Transformation, Not Rehabilitation

(Native people and Chicano groups are faced with the question, "How do we relate to our brothers and sisters who have run afoul of the white man's law, or who are addicted to drugs or alcohol?" This statement of philosophy is one answer, and is adapted from a leaflet issued by the Chicano Movement in Tucson.)

We believe that total involvement in the affairs of our community, in our struggle against social injustice, in the building of our Nations, is the key to a new way of life. The excitement of new experience will make one forget his misadventures of the past. When you join the movement for our people, you march under the flag of dignity.

Existing rehabilitative methods offered by Federal, State, and private agencies have failed in their attempts to rehabilitate our people who are afflicted with narcotic addiction and felony offenses.

We believe that those who offer rehabilitation are offering an impossibility. Let us look at the dictionary definition of the word, "rehabilitation". The dictionary states in part, "to restore one to a former state, rank, or status." We, of the movement for our peoples, raise

the question: "How can you restore honor, dignity, a good reputation, and the grace of a good family name?" It is like trying to put a peach tree back into the seed.

Therefore, we do not offer rehabilitation. We offer transformation. That is, a new, dignified way of life. We offer the opportunity for redemption by fighting social injustices anywhere on earth. We believe that to redeem oneself is to gain new dignity.

In your new role as a defender of our people, our way, of our earth, you will emerge with a new personality. Your conversation will be about noble actions. Your only argument will be against social injustices.

Compare the way of the movement for our people with the way of agencies engaged in rehabilitation. In some agencies, the "group counselling" method is implemented. This sort of "group" serves only to propagate "grouping" about narcotics and crime — it is like feeding fuel to a flame. The flame will be immortalized by continual feeding. So will your thoughts about narcotics and crime by immortalized by continual discussion of them.

The movement for our people encourages you to let the subject of narcotics and crime drop and die away forgotten. Instead, fill your mind with ideas about how to serve your people better. Take an inventory of your ideas and offer them to the services of our people. Remember, the moment that you join the movement for our people, you begin your transformation. Forget your old ways.

But — you must remember that with your new personality will come new responsibility, and fresh doses of joy or pain. Keep in mind that any person who wishes to find a world without joy and suffering and pain is just as foolish as the sailor who wishes to sail in a stormless sea.

Some of you may think, "But I am not wise or educated. How can I be of service to my people?" Remember, that in the movement, we believe that an education is not a guarantee of competence, or the lack of an education the guarantee of incompetence. Your people will help you find a place for you so long as it is for the ways of the Creation that you are working. Ask where you can serve the best. Move with your conscience, always!

"... 'WHITE SOCIETY' IS BREAKING DOWN AROUND US... EVEN ITS MYTHS—LIKE THE MELTING POT—ARE DEAD"

(Vine Deloria, Jr., of the Lakota People, is the author of *Custer Died for Your Sins* and *We Talk, You Listen*, both of which discuss the role of native peoples in white America. He has been working as special counsel to the Native American Rights Fund in Boulder, Colorado, on the special problems of re-establishing terminated tribes. Here, he is interviewed by Peter Collier, a San Francisco writer, many months ago, for *Mademoiselle*.)

Q — Movies like *Soldier Blue* and *Little Big Man* have explored the atrocities committed against Indians during the last century, and a syndicated newspaper column has compared the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864 to My Lai. Is Indian history being revived as a way of understanding what's happening in America today?

A — I guess something like that is going on. But this is the white man's problem and it's hard to get involved for Indians. If you're an Indian, you automatically have what the majority of Americans would probably think of as a "distorted" view of U.S. history. You see the Indian Wars not as some kind of grand adventure with bugles blowing and all that, but as the first foreign war in American history. When the U.S. came charging across the continent, it was not something that had to do with Manifest Destiny or anything mystical like that. It was to create an empire. The goal was the land and the wealth attached to it. Indians were in the way. A lot of them, including villages of women and children, got wiped out. It wasn't an accident, it was genocide. . . . The worst of it is that this country still hasn't owned up to what it did. Maybe that's why it keeps doing it all over again.

Q — In *Custer Died for Your Sins* you say, "What Indians need most is a cultural leave-us-alone agreement in spirit and in fact. What exactly did you mean?"

A — Partly, I had in mind the anthropologists, missionaries, and other friends who've been swarming all over us and our reservations for generations and guiding our lives. But in a larger way, I was thinking of the legislation, the policies and programs that are thrown at us by Congress. They're not made to help Indian people, although that's what everybody is told. They're actually made to put certain white cultural characteristics into a process that is meant to change Indians. The issue becomes how they can get us into the mainstream and make us neurotic as middle-class whites.

Q — So you want to see Indians themselves taking responsibility for the direction of Indian policy?

A — Obviously, although the word "responsibility" bothers me a little. Usually, when Washington says things like Indians should be "more responsible" and "have more control over their own lives" they have in mind little piddling administrative functions that don't mean anything. People are always talking about how "complex" the Indian scene is. But actually, what we need is real simple — a recognition by the Federal Government that Indian tribes are sovereign nations as guaranteed in the hundreds of treaties that were made and broken, and that you can't interfere with our property rights, life styles, or anything that is important to us. . . . That is where the real crisis is, not in giving Indians "increased responsibility," as the phrase goes.



"He doesn't believe in us and our civilization"

(As a counterpoint to the commentary of Vine Deloria, Jr., we reprint the words of D.H. Lawrence, the novelist, written a generation or more ago.)

. . . The Aztec is gone, and the Incas. The Red Indian, the Eskimo, the Patagonian are reduced to negligible numbers.

. . . The Red Indian will never possess the broad lands of Americas. At least, I presume not. But his ghost will.

The Red Man died hating the white man, and what remnant of him lives, lives hating the white man. Go near the Indians, and you just feel it. As far as we are concerned, the Red Man is subtly and unremittingly diabolic. Even when he doesn't know it. He is dispossessed in life, and unforgiving. He doesn't believe in us and our civilization, and he is our mystic enemy, for we push him off the

face of the earth. Belief is a mysterious thing. It is the only healer of the soul's wounds. There is no belief in the world.

The Red Man is dead, disbelieving in us. He is dead and unappeased. Do not imagine him happy in his Happy Hunting Ground. No. Only those that die in belief die happy. Those that are pushed out of life in chagrin come back unappeased, for revenge.

A curious thing about the Spirit of Place is the fact that no place exerts its full influence upon a newcomer until the old inhabitant is dead or absorbed. So America. While the Red Indian existed in fairly large numbers, the new colonials were in a great measure immune from the daimon, or demon, of America. The moment the last nuclei of Red Life breaks up in America, then the white man will have to reckon with the full

force of the demon of the continent. At present, the demon of the place and the unappeased ghosts of the dead Indians act within the unconscious or under-conscious soul of the white American, causing the great American grouch, the Orestes-like frenzy of restlessness in the Yankee soul, the inner malaise which amounts to madness, sometimes. . . Up till now, the unexpressed spirit of America has worked covertly in the American, the white soul. But within the present generation, the surviving Red Indians are due to merge in the great white swamp. Then the Demon of America will work overtly, and we shall see real changes.

There has been all the time, in the White American soul, a dual feeling about the Indian. First was Franklin's feeling, that a wise Providence no doubt intended

the extirpation of those savages. Then came the contradictory feeling about the noble Red Man and the innocent life of the wigwam. . . . Both are still rampant today.

I doubt if there is possible any real reconciliation, in the flesh, between the white and the red. . . . That leaves us only expiation, and then reconciliation in the soul. Some strange atonement: expiation and Oneing.



Q — What about the Bureau of Indian Affairs? It is one of the most criticized agencies in government, the one people pick out as the epitome of the Government bureaucracy, filled with paternalism, incompetence, and even malice. How do you see it?

A — A lot of what is said about it is true. . . . But despite all its flaws, the BIA is something Indian people are ambivalent about. Remember, they are very worried about termination — the ending by legislation of Federal services and the trust relationship. If the Bureau were just done away with, as some of our white friends want, then Indians would be absolutely without protection. . . . The people who get all hot about the BIA and blame it for everything forget that it doesn't really make policy. . . .



Vine Deloria

— photo by Malles

Q — But a lot of Indian people complain about tribal governments as well as the BIA, calling them "puppet councils" and charging that they're under the thumb of the Bureau and other interests and not representative of Indian people per se. What does this do to the progress [of the Indian tribes]?

A — When you work inside Indian Affairs, you know exactly which councils are puppets and which aren't. When I was executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, I could sit down on any given issue and check off almost exactly which tribes would be for it and which wouldn't be. Indian Affairs is a small world and pretty quick you know who's in somebody's pocket. . . .

Q — What course should the Government follow for economic development on the reservations?

A — There are more than 300 Indian tribes in the country. Maybe 30 of them — Navajos, Sioux, etc., have the population, size, and potential for development. There should be a revolving loan fund for them, and eventually they'd generate a budget the tribe could live under self-sufficiently. As far as the other tribes

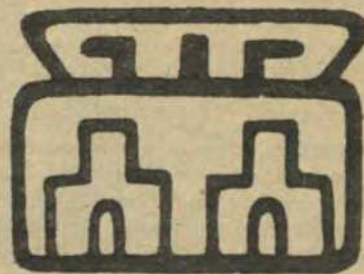
are concerned, they're mainly small and poor, without much in the way of resources and land. But there are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year studying Indians, having conferences, and all that nonsense. This money should be collected and put into a grant fund and given outright to the small tribes so they can get going. . . .

Q — Speaking of the way Indians have become fashionable, in *We Talk, You Listen* you say that you feel the Indian tribe is coming back as the model for future social organization. Why?

A — . . . The point is that "white society" is breaking down all around us. It can't offer people support any more; even its myths — like the melting pot — are dead. People are regrouping. The Indian tribe is the logical model because it always allowed the individual dignity and also identity as part of a larger body, so that he doesn't have to live for himself alone.

Q — In this book, you also say, "For the white man to continue to exist, he must adopt a total Indian way of life." Aside from this social reorganization toward tribalism, what did you have in mind?

A — The fact that we're all in trouble. There's got to be a recognition that you can't go on and on exploiting the earth. I'm talking about an insight that goes further than the current ecology movement, further than recycling old newspapers and that sort of thing. There's got to be a return to some kind of meaningful relationship with natural things, such as Indians have had. . . . [This country] should be appreciated not for its government or any of that, but for itself. There's got to be a rethinking of how the processes of life affect the land, in the way that every aspect of Indian life — from government to economy — was what you might call ecological. The frontier the whites killed Indians to get at is all gone now. . . . There's got to be an owning up — not just saying Indians were right and whites were wrong, but an understanding that the earth, or nature, or whatever you want to call it, can't stand the greed and exploitation which are built into Anglo values. . . . This tribalism we were talking about is one way to begin to rebuild things. There has to be an all out effort to humanize life and bring back the Indian sense of what real community is. . . . It's ironic, but after all this time, white America is not only going to finally have to recognize that Indians are here to stay, but if it's smart, it will also start to study them for knowledge about how to live.



resources

Fifty Books on Native Peoples: A Basic Library

(The entire list has a value of slightly over \$100. It is available complete from this newspaper for \$85 postpaid. We reserve the right to make occasional substitutions if necessary.)

- Alexander: *The World's Rim*. Nebraska 1953/ \$1.95.
 American Friends Service Committee: *Uncommon Controversy*. Univ. of Washington Press, 1970. \$2.50.
 Armstrong & Turner: *I Have Spoken: History Through Voices of Indians*. Swallow \$2.95.
 Astrov: *American Indian Prose & Poetry*. Capricorn 1946/62. \$2.45.
 Borland: *When the Legends Die*. Bantam 1963/69 \$.75.
 Brandon: *American Heritage Book of Indians*. Dell 1964 \$.75.
 Brandon: *The Magic World*. Morrow 1971. \$2.50.
 Brown: *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. Bantam 1971 \$1.95.
 Brown: *The Sacred Pipe: Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux*. Penguin. 1953/71 \$1.45.
 Cahn: *Our Brothers' Keeper*. World 1969 \$3.95.
 Collier: *On the Gleaming Way*. Swallow 1949/62. \$2.25.
 Council on Interracial Books: *Chronicles of American Indian Protest*. Fawcett \$1.25.
 Deloria: *Custer Died for your Sins*. Avon 1969 \$1.25.
 Deloria: *We Talk, You Listen*. Dell. \$2.45.
 Feldman: *The Story Telling Stone*. Dell. 75 cents.
 Forbes: *The Indian in America's Past*. Spectrum 1964 \$1.95.
 Joseph: *The Indian Heritage of America*. Bantam 1968/69 \$1.65.
 Jacobs et al: *To Serve The Devil: America's Racial History*. Vol. 1. Random 1971 \$2.45.
 Jacobs: *Dispossessing the American Indian*. Scribners 1972 \$3.95.
 Joseph: *The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Pacific Northwest*. Yale. \$5.95.
 Joseph: *Red Power: American Indians' Fight for Freedom*. McGraw Hill 1972 \$2.95.
 Kluckhohn & Leighton: *The Navajo*. Natural History 1946/62 \$2.50.
 Kroeber: *Ishi in Two Worlds*. Univ. of California Press. 1961/ 67. \$2.25.
 LaFarge: *Laughing Boy*. Houghton Mifflin 1929/ \$2.45.
 Levine & Lurie: *American Indians Today*. Penguin 1965/70. \$1.95.
 Locke: *The American Indian*. Mankind 1970. \$1.75.
 Momaday: *House Made of Dawn*. Spectrum 1966/69. 95 cts.
 Mowat: *People of the Deer*. McClelland & Stewart. \$1.25.
 Neihardt: *Black Elk Speaks*. Univ. of Nebraska Press. 1932/62 \$1.50.
 Ortiz: *The Tewa World: Space, Time, Being & Becoming In a Pueblo Society*. Univ. of Chicago. \$2.45.
 Schusky: *The Right to be Indian*. Indian Historian Press. 1965 \$2.00.
 Steiner: *The New Indians*. Delta 1968 \$2.75.
 Van Every: *Disinherited*. Avon. 1966/70. \$1.25.
 Washburn: *The Indian and the Whiteman*. Anchor. 1964 \$2.95.
 Waters: *Book of the Hopi*. Ballentine 1963/69 \$1.25.
 Waters: *Man Who Killed the Deer*. Swallow 1942/70 \$2.50.
 Wax: *Indian Americans: Unity & Diversity*. Prentice-Hall 1971. \$2.95.
 — — —: *Indian Arts*. Western Publ. \$1.25.
 Weltfish: *The Lost Universe*. (Pawnee. Ballentine 1965/71. \$1.65.
 Momaday: *The Way to Rainy Mountain*. Ballentine 1969/70 \$1.25.
 Wallace: *Indians of Pennsylvania*. Pa. Hist. & Mus. Comm. 1961 \$1.50.
 Corle: *Fig Tree John*. Liveright 1934/71 \$2.45.
 ROthenberg: *Shaking the Pumpkin: Traditional Poetry of Indian North America*. Doubleday 1972 \$3.95.
 Cardinal: *Unjust Society*. Hurtig. 1969 \$2.75.
 Meyer: *Native Americans: The New Indian Resistance*. 1971. 1.25.
 Pelletier, Poole, et al: *For Every North American Indian Who Begins to Disappear, I Begin to Disappear Also*. Neewin 1971 \$3.75.
 — — —: *The Iroquois Constitution: The Great Law of Peace*. White Roots of Peace. \$1.00.
 Steiner & Hill: *The Way: An Anthology of American Indian Literature*. Vintage. \$1.95.
 Deloria: *Of The Utmost Good Faith*. Bantam 1971 \$1.95.
 Wallace: *Death and Rebirth of the Seneca*. Random \$2.45.

(Readers are invited to submit their own ideas of basic books which they feel should be included on this list — or books which should be taken off the list. All books listed here are available individually, as well as in the basic packet of fifty.)

POSTERS: A number of posters are now in stock, and old ones are being reprinted regularly. They are similar to the centerfold of each issue, but on heavy colored paper at \$1 for 3, post paid. Your choice or ours. Now available: Grandma Hunter (below), Three Horsemen, Chief Joseph, Zuni Governor, From Longhouse to Kiva.

ORDERING BOOKS? Don't forget the Indians in prison. Send along an extra dollar or two, and we'll match it with an equal amount to send a book to an Indian Culture group in a penal institution. Remember your brothers & sisters.



THE SOURCE?

WHITE ROOTS OF PEACE
 Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne
 via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683



LOZEN — APACHE NATION

Volume One (1969) is out of print, but available on microfilm. There were ten issues that year. Volume Two (1970) had just seven issues — numbers 6 and 7 are in print. Volume Three (1971) had nine issues, and is available only on microfilm. Volume Four had six issues, all but the first of which are still in print. This is the first issue of Volume Five.

The seven back issues are available for \$3.50, or fifty cents each for single copies.

LP ALBUMS, TAPES AND CASSETTES

NEW THIS MONTH: Pueblo Songs of the Southwest on LP album, 8-track, and cassette. Includes Hopi Butterfly Dance, Jemez Buffalo Dance, San Juan Basket Dance, Zuni Rainbow Dance. Laguna Eagle Dance. \$5 for the album, \$6 for the tapes.

IROQUOIS SOCIAL DANCES: Three Volumes I, II, III. \$5.00 each. Iroquois Albums.

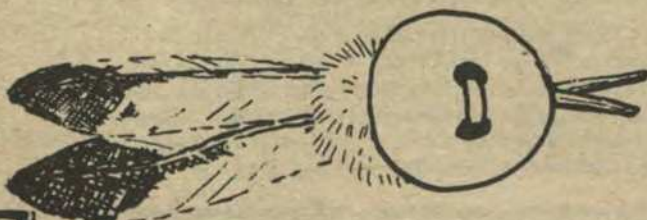
PONCA PEYOTE SONGS: Volume One, Two, and new this month, volume Three. For Native American Church members and others respecting this religious music. \$5 in LP, \$6 for 8-track and cassette.

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS: an LP stereo-album by Floyd Westerman, setting Vine Deloria's book of the same title into highly listenable music. \$5.

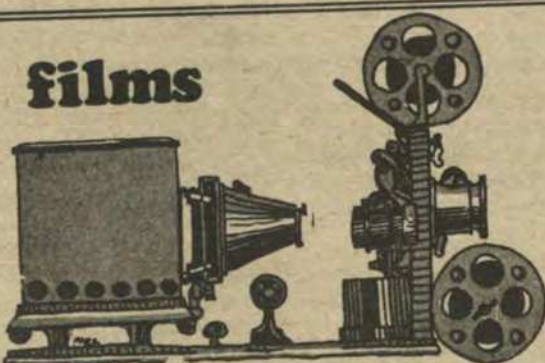
NAVAJO GIFT SONGS AND ROUND DANCE — an Indian House LP recorded at Klagetoh. \$5 LP, \$6 for cassette, 8-track
WILLIE DUNN — a new album, produced by White Roots of Peace. Includes Ballad of Crowfoot, Louis Riel, Crazy Horse, and other Willie Dunn songs, plus traditional Cree music by Jerry Saddleback.

OTHER ALBUMS AVAILABLE: \$5 each.
Songs of the Muskogee Creek, volumes one and two
Round Dance Songs of Taos Pueblo, volumes one and two
Comanche Peyote Songs, volume one and two
Navajo Round Dance
Navajo Sway Songs
Taos Round Dance, volumes one and two
Navajo Skip Dance and Two-Step Songs
Sounds of Indian America: Plains and Southwest
Kiowa Church Songs, volume one.
Kiowa 49 War Expedition Songs
Ditch-Cleaning and Picnic Songs of Picuris Pueblo

CASSETTES AND 8-TRACK AVAILABLE: \$6.00 each
Kiowa Church Songs volume one
Ponca Peyote Songs volume one and two
Navajo Gift Songs and Round Dance
Kiowa 49 War Expedition Songs
Ditch Cleaning and Picnic Songs of Picuris Pueblo



films



As Long as the Rivers Run

60 minutes, color. Usual rental \$65. The determination of the native peoples of the Pacific Northwest to maintain their fishing rights and way of life, despite treaty-breaking legislation that forbids net salmon fishing in Washington State rivers. The Indians of Frank's Landing demonstrate the hypocrisy of state "conservationists" who invade reservation land and destroy the fishing nets of poor people, while tons of salmon are taken off shore by commercial fishermen using huge purse seines. Produced by Survival of American Indian Assn, 1971, & Carol Burns.

The 1973 White Roots of Peace Calendar is now ready for delivery.

The calendar again has the art work of Kahonhes, Turtle Clan of the Mohawk Nation, featuring portraits of both contemporary and past native leaders from throughout the North American continent. Then, for most of the dates, there is a notation of what recorded event took place of significance to native peoples. The calendars are large, about 17x23 inches, printed on colored poster-weight stock. They are designed so the portraits and a quotation worth noting can be cut off for use as a permanent poster.

Native groups such as urban centers, tribal councils, student groups, church programs, etc., can use the calendars for fund raising. Bundles of 50 can be sent post-paid for \$50, and when they are all sold, there is the \$50 profit for the group's treasury.

ORDERS FOR THE 1973 CALENDARS WITH PAYMENT OF \$2 for each, or \$50 for lots of 50 calendars, may be sent to:

White Roots of Peace
 Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne
 via Roosevelttown, New York 13683

AMERICAN INDIAN TOBACCO FIRM NOW OPERATED UNDER MOHAWK AUSPICES

Through the generosity of Tall Red Oak of the American Indian Tobacco and Enterprises of Meriden, Conn., that business has been transferred to the Mohawk Nation to be operated under the auspices of White Roots of Peace.

By mail, pipe-smokers can obtain six different blends. One, Chippewa Straight, contains no tobacco at all, and is Kinni-kinnick. Others are blends of tobaccos and various herbs and barks and leaves. The blends are all of domestic tobaccos, and no sacred tobacco is ever used or sold.

Since profits are used to help various projects, such as the Indian Way School on the reservation, people who smoke pipes might want to consider ordering a sample of several blends. The blends also make good gifts, and can be sent with a gift card. One very easy way to help is simply to clip this article out and give it to a local tobacco shop — suggest they enquire for prices, or order a wholesale sampler for \$25 prepaid. It contains 36 pouches, six of each of the six blends.

Purchasers may send for any number of sealed plastic pouches for freshness for \$3.15 postpaid for three. After you have selected the blend you prefer, quarter-pound and half-pound pouches are also available.

Write: Kinni-Kinnick, Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683



TWO BASIC IROQUOIS BOOKS: published by White Roots of Peace, illustrated by Kahonhes, to whom we express our gratitude for the cover illustration of NOTES. One is THE GREAT LAW which is a translation into English of the Iroquois Constitution — upon which the U.S. Constitution rests its foundation. The other is MIGRATION OF THE IROQUOIS, originally published by Six Nations Museum of Onchiota, New York, is being used in many classrooms, as it contains pictographic drawings of the text. The Great Law is \$1, postpaid. The Migration of the Iroquois is 50 cents plus postage — or both books are \$1.50 postpaid. Available from Akwesasne Notes, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683. Quantity prices to schools, book stores, etc.

LONGHOUSE NEWS



TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A SCHOOL

What does one do when one's child, say about 11 years old, having passed all grades in elementary school, is now ready to attend junior high? The problem is that the school the said child must attend is a regionalized super-high-school noted for its high drop-out rate and drug problems. In fact, it is notorious for drugs. It had already inspired a big newspaper, with circulation in the millions, to feature the shortcomings of this super hall of learning in its weekend magazine.

The author [of that article] is a retired teacher who taught at the said high school. He recounted the many failings of the standard system and the reasons thereof. In brief, the picture he painted would hardly create confidence in any parent concerned for the welfare of his child now about to enter the higher learnings. Aside from the social problems, the academic teachings are presented in an inferior manner. There was no close student-teacher attention. If a student was slightly deaf or did not understand any certain point, he dared not ask the teacher, who had no time, for clarification. Any student so unfortunate or deficient as to ask questions is immediately sent to the principal as a troublemaker. Can a concerned parent expose his child at such a tender age to such an environment and take a chance that the child shall not be contaminated? What can be done about these sinks of academic iniquities? What to do?

One parent, Mrs. Lorraine Montour, a clan mother, Caughnawaga Branch of the Six Nations Confederacy, Mohawk Nation, Turtle Clan, decided to do something about it. Her young son Mark, 11 years old, was now about to embark on the sea or sloughs of inferior and corrupt higher learning. Mrs. Montour talked to several other like-wise concerned parents. She outlined a plan to start their own high school based on the Free School system, teaching Indian values and the natural life styles. It was to be called the Indian Way School.

Another such school had been opened a season earlier in Akwesasne by another dauntless Clan Mother, Ann Jock of the Bear Clan. The two Indian Way Schools feature such things as teachers who have such belief in the Free School system that they would labour for room and board. The people can't afford to pay the teachers. The teachers are on a crusade for a better standard of education leading to a better world to live in. These heroes and heroines of the cause of superior education must at present operate under tremendous difficulties and against great odds. One of these is the apathy of the various governments who seem content with the inferior standard of education. One official even said to this writer, "I have food on the table and money in my pocket, so the system of education must be good."

The governments at all levels seem reluctant to support this new Free School system, for which great and heartening reports have been submitted.



Turtle Clan Mother Lorraine Montour

Last March, the Department of Education in the Department of Indian Affairs was appraised of the Indian Way School project at Caughnawaga. Later, a regional director of the Indian Affairs in Quebec City wrote to the Caughnawaga Branch of the Six Nations Confederacy, offering assistance in "any way he can". When informed of the financial form his assistance may take, he, in a subsequent letter, erected the impossible barriers, such as submitting the matter to the Indian Act's Band Council. The Six Nations Confederacy did not devise the Indian Act and its Band Council system. No nation has the right to use a government system not devised by itself. If it does, it will denationalize. The Rotiyaner, Clan Mothers, and the people of the Caughnawaga Branch in general decided it was a trick to recognize the Indian Act's Band Council, thus jeopardizing their Nation's existence. The matter was explained in

detail to the Regional Director, also the fact that a copy of his letter was sent from his office to the Band Chief Councilor, who, at the next Band Council meeting, orally condemned the project.

Caughnawaga's Indian Way School was in operation for about a month when the unfairness of the situation started to irritate Clan Mother Lorraine Montour. That teachers should give of their time for no remuneration was decidedly unjust. At the next Confederate Mohawk Council Fire at the local Long House, through the War Chief she submitted a plan to have a delegation sent to Ottawa to try to get the tuition money destined for the super high school in Chateaugay to pay for the students who had transferred to the Indian Way School. The School, which began with six pupils, and to date has grown to twenty-four and more expected eventually. The money would be a great help. It would enable them to pay the teachers and help pay the many expenses incurred by the school.

Mrs. Montour was in the delegation that went to Ottawa. The delegation asked the Department of Indian Affairs Education Branch the particulars of payment to the H.S. Billings High School where the Indian children must attend. The Director of Education didn't know, but promised to look it up and send the word down. Here is where Mrs. Montour put her foot down. She said she wasn't moving from the office until the director gave her the information she wanted. It took some long distance calls and some hours, plus a promise to send an official down to inspect the school before any financial assistance may be given — may be — before the delegation left.

The official, accompanied by a superintendent of Indian Agents finally arrived at the Long House on October 26, and had a conference with the school officials and the Rotiyaner. The visitors promised an answer in one week. When no answer came within the prescribed time, Clan Mother Mrs. Montour, with seven members of the local Warrior Society, made another appearance at Indian Affairs Building. To the request for financial help, the minister through his assistant deputy minister, said "no." Forthwith, the Warrior Society and the Clan Mother took over the conference room of the Indian Affairs building on the 14th floor, locked themselves in, refused to let anybody in, refused food and declared they're not leaving until

they got a better answer from the Department.

By a coincidence, a like action was being taken on the same day by Indians in Washington, D.C. Hundreds of Indians from some 200 Indian Nations in the United States took over the Bureau of Indian Affairs building there — and the two groups in Ottawa and Washington kept in touch and compared notes by long distance telephone.

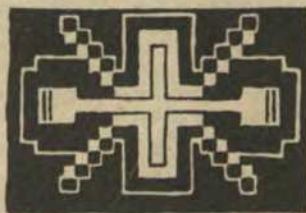


In Ottawa, sporadic arguments went on all night through the locked door. At noon, the next day, the government decided to promise in writing that the request would be considered and that a department official would spend a whole week in the Indian Way School in Caughnawaga and talk to people on the reserve including the elective Band Council system. Mrs. Montour and the Warrior Society then left the place.

(Members of the Mohawk Warrior Society of both Akwesasne and Kanawakeh were in the BIA building in Washington. One family had a son in the hold-out in the Ottawa Indian Affairs, and another son in the BIA building in Washington.)

Back in Caughnawaga, Mr. Goodeham of the Department of Education of Indian Affairs spent five days on the Reserve. He spoke with various people including the band council. Mrs. Montour went to Ottawa a few days later, and returned with a contract in which the Government agreed to spend \$4,950 on the schools immediate needs with the promise of further aid.

If there was an award for Clan Mother of the month, or of the year, Mrs. Lorraine Montour richly deserves the honour.



LEST WE FORGET

The late Richard Oakes, who was killed taking a young Indian's part in a YMCA squabble, was a warrior of the first order. He travelled all over the continent to aid Indians in trouble. One night he is in Caughnawaga, the next in California getting justice. No Indian settlement was too far or too remote. He was there when trouble impended.

At the time he led the takeover of Alcatraz, he was a big powerful man. He was the picture of what one would expect of a war-chief-to-be. Herculean of build, with a strong resolute face, he inspired his followers with a will to fight. With turbulence in his nature, he never would have made a Confederate Chief of Peace. His was a warrior's soul. What a War Chief he would have been! It was a position he was being considered for.

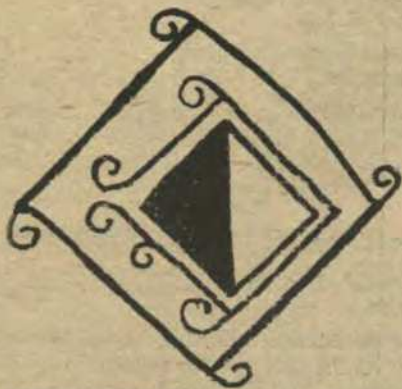
He searched for peace for his people. He never found it for himself. He was most foully murdered while in his self-appointed task of defending and protecting Indian people. A suitable memorial should be erected for this hero killed in the line of action.



— photo by Andre Lopez

At the Mohawk Nation Longhouse at Caughnawaga this summer, Doris M. Diabo was married to Peter Phillips in a traditional ceremony. Many friends and supporters of the Mohawk Way were present to hear the ancient instructions.





NOTES: I look forward to each issue, but there is one problem that disappoints me about the paper, and is also one I would like to see you people balance out and correct.

I just couldn't help but note an unusually heavy amount of lamenting about how poorly the American Indian has and is being treated. Yet you people rarely if at all seem to say anything as to what your fellow Indians have accomplished to work around these handicaps and improve the stereotypes of the American Indian. I have to concur with James Pawlach's letter in the last issue wholeheartedly in that you people spend a lot of time lamenting your problems and very little time telling of how you intend to correct it, besides shedding more tears.

Due to family problems, I have had handicaps inflicted upon me that would make most people hang it up and go crying into their shells like you folks seem to be doing. However, I've taken heart that I have people that love me and have used a book (that you folks seem to rebel against) the Bible, to point out Job's sufferings at the hands of Satan so that he could realize the good the Lord has in it for us if we work around our handicaps.

Hence my attitude that the American Indian should stop his lamenting and spiritually pick himself collectively up and use his handicap as a challenge to do better by himself and his fellow mankind.

To me, nothing was gained in this world without hard labor. "Free" this or that and welfare relief only means some one else is footing the bill.

I'm not trying to tell you folks how to run a newspaper, I'm just saying that you're adding to Indian Racism by reinforcing the common stereotype of the American Indian as a loafer, instead of the patriots and hardworkers they really are.

Dale Bishop
Monroe, New Hampshire



NOTES: Unless he lives near Indians, the average white American does not know much about American Indians. From the time that we are little children we are taught (or should I say brainwashed?) about how great the United States is. We tend to believe that America didn't exist before Columbus discovered it, that the only inhabitants were wild animals and a few "savage Indians." (Of course, the different tribes are all lumped together under the word "Indians"). Our knowledge of American Indians ends with them being put away on reservations, and, supposedly "living happily ever after."

Recently, however, high school teachers are attempting to include an "Indian Unit" along with the regular curricula. But these units are not taught well, usually, and are dull. I remember, last year, when my history teacher suggested covering an Indian topic, and all the kids moaned and complained about, "not that again..."

If a newspaper like yours would be introduced to classes, it would be a much better teacher than some white history teacher who knows practically nothing about native Americans.

Beth Tomlinson
Trenton, New Jersey

(Persons who feel like Beth Tomlinson might encourage teachers to use NOTES as a classroom text at 25 cents per copy per student for each issue during the school year — or even to buy one set of papers for that special Indian unit. Or students might try selling the paper to their classmates. It's a good chance to talk to people about Indian matters. The Editors)



NOTES: Having long admired your work, I think it is essential for you to get across to the general populace that the Native Americans have much to offer modern America in its stumbling, blind attempt to find something stable and sane.

I hope that Indians and non-Indians alike will start to think about how to communicate to the "mainstream" that there is some hope in what Indians have to offer. There are no clear-cut routes by which America is going to be turned from its lemming-like rush to disaster but someone should at least clue people in on that there are other ways.

Emery L. Pence
Pontiac, Michigan

NOTES: The entire contents of NOTES are enjoyed by those of us in the Native American community in Sacramento. The issues at the Sacramento Indian Center and in the Indian Students Lounge at the University become quite dog-eared within a few days of receipt — so many people read and enjoy them.

The book reviews are especially well received. Reviews by members of the tribe — an Indian of the tribe being written about — would be very good.

Thank you for keeping AKWESASNE NOTES the best Indian paper.

Elizabeth Anne Gebbhardt
Sacramento, California

(Two editorial comments. People are invited to request having the paper sent to waiting rooms, lounges, and other places where it will be well read. Maybe even more than one copy. Just let us know. About the book reviews — at one time, we did try that, and sent a batch of books out for review. However, we didn't get the reviews back — nor the books. So — we invite all readers, especially those reading books of their own tribes and nations, to write book reviews and send them in. We ourselves hate to pass judgment on a book about another people.)



NOTES: Thank you for the free subscription to AKWESASNE NOTES and for the free book, *Custer Died for Your Sins*, by Vine Deloria Jr. I sincerely appreciate your thoughtfulness. It is not often that newspaper publishers think of the poor individuals behind bars who cannot pay for subscriptions. In my particular case, I have been in solitary for three years, unable to earn any money whatsoever, and I am sure there are many other prisoners suffering under similar circumstances.

I want you to know that I do not consider your papers as reading material or news for a past time: I read it for educational knowledge — to learn about a people. Being that I am a Mexican, I realize the importance of learning the culture, laws, language, customs, et cetera, of other races. I have often suffered because of sectarian and their preconceived ideas of what I am or what I may do. They do not realize that we are individuals, each with a mind different from the other, and very much human as all other races.

I believe AKWESASNE NOTES, aside from other things, serves to educate those who are ignorant, but who are interested in learning something about themselves and others as well. I believe people as a whole would gain greater knowledge by reading the things which seem to have no interest. It seems to me that an article which seems to have no interest, is the very article we should read to find out why the interest is not there — the real reason.

Peace be with you, my brother.
Ernest Rodriguez Rodriguez 33406
Box C
Waupun, Wisconsin 53963



NOTES: I am currently a senior majoring in sociology. Please send me any information you may have on American Indians. All materials will be used for a research paper I am doing.

I would like to cover every aspect of the American Indians, dating from their beginning to the present.

Barbara Steinberg
Plymouth, Wisconsin



NOTES: Thank you for the gift of *Touch The Earth*. It will help me in spirit in this 6' x 8' cell when the walls seem like they are about to close in on me. I especially like the pictures of The People.

My one battle with the administration here is to try to get a writ of mandamus granted so that Janet McCloud can come to this prison as the Brotherhood's religious leader. So far, no results.

Elmer A. Merrill
Federal Penitentiary
McNeil Island, Washington 98388

NOTES: As a teacher of "Minorities in America", I have found NOTES an invaluable source of information. I commend you on your splendid work.

Rod Aluse
Royersford, Pennsylvania

Letter

PEOPLE: I want to voice a grievance. Your paper continually berates the White Man and the white race. This is an open letter to all Indians.

I'm Irish and English by birth, a "white woman". I hold no responsibility for the actions of my forefathers for I was born 23 years ago, but had I been here, I would have stopped them as best I could. In this short life, I have been adopted by the Narragansett Indians. Since then, I've learned herbs and how to live without killing animals. I've had many blessings and some powerful visions of the nations, the hoop, and the tree blooming, as well as other things I can't relate on paper. The squirrels and birds protect me and locust sing to me. I know my place in the universe.

I have great reverence for ceremony and have peyote whenever it comes to me. I have gone to powwows and my brothers and sisters have not recognized me. They have had prejudice. That is, they prejudged me by my fair skin, blond hair, and blue eyes. Some say that the youth of today are reincarnations of those who died in battle. This is true.

The color of a man is not the color of his soul. Do not limit the power of the Great Spirit. Please stop printing such letters as refer generally to skin color, as this is not the seat of evil, but the hate that people carry in their hearts is the fertile soil for seeds of destruction in any race.

The next time I see you at peyote meeting, please bow to me as I bow to you, that our hearts may be one and bring strength and love to the universe.

Geri Brophy
Kansas City, Missouri

(We hope other readers will write their feelings about the points Geri Brophy raises. As for ourselves, we acknowledge the presence of the poison of prejudice within us. It is a poison that might go away were it not replenished daily. If we relax and allow people the freedom to interact with us so that we can truly see the kind of people they are, for the one true friend that comes up, there will be twenty who have ripped us off. Those who are true can only be persistent, as well as true friends, in the hope that in time a group of Indian people will come to know them as natural human beings. It is also true that people may or may not be responsible for the actions of their forefathers, but many people have not renounced the benefits that their forefathers gained for them — and the same kind of actions are going on in 1972. People need not regret they were not born in time to save the Native People — there is enough happening now to keep them going full-time in our (and their own) defense yet today.

(As for printing letters referring to skin color, we print them not to spread hatred, but to allow for dialogue, to let people express their hearts — and to hear answers such as this letter from Geri Brophy. Generally, when Indian people speak of "the white man" they speak of a certain kind of society, and the members of that society. People of the white race may or may not be White Men. The Editors.)

NOTES: I am a Sioux-Assiniboine, presently serving five years in the Montana State Prison for burglary. I hear and absorb what NOTES puts out. I feel your newspaper tells it like it is and I feel pride for you.

I go up for parole in December of this year, and for once in my life I took a long look and it scares me. I hope with the training I'm getting now to stay out. I am trying to get in contact with an Indian family who would like a son, as I have spent about 16 years or more of my 22 years in one institution or another. It is no life, and I feel I must get closer to Mother Earth.

I would also like some Indian people to write to this lonely Indian.

Lewis Beauchamp
Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

NOTES: Listen, my people, and you shall hear Beautiful Perfection in the Earth, as the Song of the Turtle is heard again in Our Land.

The constellation of the turtle, or Lyra, is a power of Love, Peace, and Harmony. We as an entire people must reclaim, take back to our selves, the Great Wisdoms of our Ancient Teachers and be of one mind to restore the natural balance of Mother Earth.

We of the so-called Indian worlds know this is the beginning of a 12,000 year cycle of this constellation, Alpha Lyra, "Beginning Music of the Turtle", since the turtle was the first known stringed musical instrument. She will be directing the exchange of vibrations between Earth, especially North America, toward the time of 12,000 years into our future.

In this period, Great Teachers, Great Masters, Great Statesmen, Great Leaders are waiting to be born. Make their homecoming a joyous happy welcome. Make open the way for those Great and Ancient Ones of Light to come to Earth through the door of the Red blood and assist the people.

Yda' Tah Se Kest
San Diego, California



NOTES: I think an American Indian would make a fine president of the United States. All that's needed is a willingness to accept the fact that American Indians are citizens. Charles Curtis, who was an American Indian, was vice-president. It's too bad he wasn't able to halt the confiscation of American Indian land.

Dorothy Jacobi
Bronx, New York

(Maybe other nations of native people have some candidates to put forward, but the Mohawks want to keep all their presidential-caliber manpower at home working to build the Mohawk Nation. The Editors.)



NOTES: The attempts to limit the hunting of the Alaskan Peoples (U.S. Senate bill 2465) made me write instantly in concern and anger. Since I began to find out about the conditions in which so many of the Native People in America live, I feel that one of the most blatant injustices done to them by the White "Establishment" is the hunting laws and the way they are enforced.

For thousands of years, the Native People have practised the utmost caution and restraint in using the animal and plant resources of their land. These days it seems incredible what I read about the abundance the white invaders found when entering the continent. And now, the white hunters — for fun and from boredom — are wasting these irreplaceable treasures. Even more — they persecute the Native hunters when they hunt for their needs, in effect strangling the native population by taking more and more land and water from them.

I cannot express as strongly as I feel them the frustration and hopelessness, in not being able to do more than writing in protest, as I do now. I need not urge AKWESASNE NOTES to do their utmost in supporting the amendments necessary to protect the Native tribes who subsist on animal food, and therefore need unspoiled land and forests.

I am grateful for the way you aired the alcohol problem.

Finally, I would like to point out, in connection with the James Bay danger: can public attention be alerted to the effect the enormous accomplishment of the Assuan Dam [in Egypt] has actually had: the opposite of expectations. Silt, supposed to be distributed through the delta, is deposited above the dam, where it sinks to the bottom of the river.

Mrs. M.J. Burke
Montreal, Quebec

NOTES: We are writing from a "free school" and have recently started a class to study Indian Affairs. We have followed the recent takeover of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and support this action completely.

We have found NOTES to be one of the few honest journals published in America.

David Sovald, Mary Bisson, Hugh Karny
Montpelier Educational Facility
Montpelier, Vermont



NOTES: Soon my brother and I will receive 100 papers from you — I know we will have no problem getting rid of them for you. The thing I worry about is: will people read them and understand, or will they just forget? Americans, or white people, tend to do that.

Gary Stearman
Miami, Florida



GENTLEMEN: Please remove my name from your mailing list. There is so much hatred in the world, I cannot bear to read a paper which promulgates more hatred on every page as does AKWESASNE NOTES. You are following the militant pattern developed in the civil rights movement during the 1960s and which has proven to be disastrous for the very people it was supposed to help and more and more divisive to the whole nation.

Much could be accomplished through good leadership, through brotherhood and cooperatively working together with all people, but you turn people off by promulgating hatred. The militant group which took over and desecrated the Bureau of Indian Affairs building recently set back the cause of the Indian people hundreds of years, and created an unwholesome image of the Indian people which will take a long time to erase. People who were formerly sympathetic are filled with disgust at such irrational behavior.

Sin is inherent in all men, of every race and nation, and we must all work tirelessly to overcome it in ourselves and in our corporate life, but to promote the idea that one race is all good and another all bad is the height of folly.

It is only by working together cooperatively that we can build better lives for all, but you cannot expect people who are sympathetic to continue to be sympathetic when you constantly disparage them and their whole race.

I pray that you will be healed of everything in your attitude which is destructive and divisive and that you may come to emphasize the positive and work constructively with all people of good will who stand ready to help.

Georgia Nagle
Dorchester, Massachusetts

P.S. The superior editorial quality and artwork of your paper makes it all the more sad — to see hatred cloaked in such beauty.

NOTES: I am trying to make a loan with my BIA agency at Concho, Oklahoma, concerning a marker for my mother's grave which is in Verdugo Hills, California. They don't seem to want to help me in any way. This is an emergency, because my mother's grave may get lost.

I am in a California State Prison and I can't help myself or help my sisters to obtain this marker. The agency said it would be best to wait until my mother's estate is settled — but that may take a year and I can't wait until then. It has to be done now. I need help from my people somehow. I am Cheyenne & Arapahoe. I hope that I can get some kind of help from someone.

Willie Lefthand
Box A-E, B33672
San Luis Obispo, California 93401

(Our brother had written the BIA for a \$100 loan, secured by BIA-collected rental payments on his land. When he was rejected by the BIA, he replied that "This is only a small matter with the Bureau, and I can't see why it can't be taken care of. . . . It took a lot out of me to ask the Bureau for anything." Readers who can help are asked to write directly to Willie Lefthand, and to also advise NOTES so we will know that his matter has been attended to. The Editors.)

NOTES: We would not have made the progress that we have if it weren't for the informative AKWESASNE NOTES. It points out our own obligation to ourselves and all of us, to our environment. It would be a tragedy for all Native Americans if the NOTES is abolished now in its infancy.

I pray that I will never live to see that day, and that our Creator will have mercy upon us if we permit NOTES to be abolished.

Gelelemand (Johnny Hill 119472)
Southern Michigan State Prison
Jackson, Michigan 49204

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: May the spirit of the Pipe of Peace prevail on our Mother Earth and in your hearts. May God protect you and take pity on all his children, all his Creation.

L. Harteis
Poplar, Montana

OKE: D-Q University is located in the Sacramento Valley approximately ten miles from Davis, California, and five miles from Winters, California, on county road 31.

The original people of this area were the Lihaityl, as I have been given to understand. I am trying to locate any descendants of those people. It is particularly important that if there is any descendants who speak the language and know of the customs of their ancestors.

Jim Racine
Hehaka Sapa College
PO Box 409
Davis, California 95616

NOTES: I was shocked to read that editor Rarihokwats had been arrested on such trumped-up charges. It would certainly be a calamity if AKWESASNE NOTES was unable to continue its message to all the readers who are constantly moved by the stories of Indian efforts for just restoration of their lands.

I hope that the editor remains free to continue this truly remarkable newspaper.

Mrs. J. French Durbin
Peninsula, Ohio

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: You might be interested in the fact that the Green Berets are infiltrating on our reservation. They came here as a first aid unit and dental package. They flew dramatically in with their green toys.

Deanna Francis
Passamaquoddy Library
Perry, Maine 04667

PEOPLE OF AKWESASNE: I am tempted to declare your paper perhaps the most worthwhile cause in this country today, but for now, let me just warmly congratulate you and implore you to keep up the good work.

Ronald Hamel
Youth for the Preservation of Indianism
14 Alden Ave.
Pittsfield, Massachusetts 01201



FRIENDS: In our struggle against the "Westward Ho!" ethic, the NOTES is a beautiful thing. What is most important to remember is that people make it work. I send my best to all who may read this. Thank you for everything.

Dennis Nolan
Hoopa, California



NOTES: I read in your last issue that the Tennessee Valley Authority is going to flood a historical site of the Cherokee Nation and that the University of Tennessee is digging up graves in order to preserve the bones and artifacts before the land is flooded.

This is very distressing to me. My great-grandfather and his parents are buried there. I would just as soon see them stay there along with their possessions that were buried with them.

I would have thought that the American government would be slightly embarrassed about their treatment of the Cherokees after the Trail of Tears, but I see they have a short memory for some incidents in their past — and a long memory for others. (Custer is still a martyred hero to many white people.)

They took Oklahoma away once, and now it looks like they are going to take Tennessee away again for good.

Marty White
Huntsville, Alabama 35801



BROTHERS AND SISTERS: Just a short note to tell you your paper gets passed around here till it's torn, worn, and then passed around more. It offers a great deal of strength to young mountain students here at Berea College who have been working hard to organize against Appalachia's own particular brand of exploitation.

Hawk Littlejohn was here in October to speak to over 1,000 people. He was the most powerful speaker I've seen here in two years. Students at Hawk's urging have begun a petition campaign to protest the flooding of the Tellico Valley. It is beginning to spread to other mountain colleges. Hopefully, with good results.

Jim Axelrod

GENTLEMEN: This is a letter to the editor which will not be published because you publish only opinions that are in accordance with your most-prejudiced viewpoint.

I am not a native American, but I do have very dear friends who are and with whom there is a mutual respect and affection. Nor do I have any guilt complexes — were we responsible for the sins of our ancestors, we all would go nuts.

Your people have been treated badly, and I'm aware that that's an understatement. What makes me write, and what makes me sad, is to see the opportunity you have to unite your people to their mutual benefit, to provide a constructive service to them. Instead, I find your publication filled with bitterness, hatred — venom which does not hurt those you hate, but is turned against yourselves. Don't you realize that hatred means only your own destruction?

I hope your management wakes up before you meet that destruction. You have brilliant writers, dedicated people — if you would listen to them, you could still do so much for your people.

Mrs. Sesta Matheison
Adrian, Michigan



NOTES: I just saw the movie, "When the Legends Die." It was good, but I was disappointed because the book was so much better.

The book, a novel by Hal Borland, is beautiful, stirring, soul satisfying in the final chapter. It is a story about a Ute Indian boy in Colorado (1910) torn between two worlds. He learns the old ways from his mother. She dies, and he is taken to boarding school, exploited by the white man's ways, and in the final chapter, returns to the mountains to talk and listen to the all Mother. He understands himself and his small part of the roundness found in all Indian "old ways."

The movie ends with the Ute going back to the Agency to work with horses. Why couldn't it have shown him going back to his enlightenment of the good in the old ways?

Until we can find some of the old and some of the new to have a spiritual and liveable meaning, I will still be afraid to die.

Mrs. Helen Swenson
Ponsford, Minnesota

DEAR PEOPLE: Your efforts to free yourself of the yoke of blind bureaucrats and self-righteous people filled me with an awful sense of guilt and outrage.

I don't want to be an arm-chair academic — perhaps through reading your publication and others, I can keep some contact with those problems that seem so unreal in the comfortable climate of the bourgeois university.

Hope you muster all the power your movement justly needs.

Grant Wedge
St. Catharines, Ontario

LETTERS



FRIENDS: I was crushed when I read of the troubles you are having. I pray the paper can be kept alive and that Rarihokwats can remain.

I hope you win — I don't respect anyone who is money hungry and would sell out his past, future, and his people.

Gail Selinger
Belle Harbor, New York 11694

FRIENDS: I am truly sorry to hear of the persecution of the longhouse people and the attempts to force the closure of NOTES. Your paper has been a great source of knowledge to me. Keep up your courage and your faith.

Marjorie Bauer
Seattle, Washington



EARLY WINTER, 1973

Page 47



NOTES: I attended the Indian Day of Mourning at Plymouth, Massachusetts, over Thanksgiving. I feel the Plymouth Police over-reacted to the point that they were threatening the Indians.

The Indians had gone to a church, and finding it empty, were about to leave when one of the police officers, a sergeant, lost his temper and demanded that we leave immediately and at a faster pace. We were not destroying anything. We were not leaving anything to show we had been there. The church had been open so we were not breaking and entering. It was open to all, especially, the tourist, so we were not trespassing. Yet the police tried to forcefully evict us.

Shortly after, we left the church, we entered a graveyard. Again it was a peaceful action, again the police followed us, this time with dogs. Brothers, what must we do to be free? Why must the police use large numbers and dogs to meet a small, peaceful, calm group of Indians?

Allen Penton
West Orange, New Jersey

NOTES: I'd like to see a section of your paper that was edited entirely in the South-west. I would also like to see an Elder's section, devoted to advice, comment, etc., and edited by an Elder.

Good luck in your present troubles. I hope you come out of it so strong that nothing like it can ever harm you again.

Jim Gatens
Berkeley, California

(We would welcome the assistance of persons to take on these — and other similar editorial responsibilities. Ed.)

NOTES: I feel a deep concern for the pressures that you are working under, and I hope the nationwide support for Rarihokwats and NOTES as a whole will prove sufficient to end this absurd harassment.

Beverly Bright & Standing Oak
Champaign, Illinois

FRIENDS: My admiration and congratulations for the very fine job you are doing with the paper. Do keep your spirit high and defiant in front of all adversity and difficulty you encounter. Thousands of people need you and — if nothing else — are morally supporting you.

Dominique Hauptert
New York, New York

NOTES: I pray to Manitou to give me the ability to find words for the behalf of our Brother, Rarihokwats. It is written in the white man's book that a person called Judas sold out a brother for 30 pieces of silver. To do it to one brother is evil; to sell out many brothers and sisters is a dam sight worse evil doing.

At one time I did believe that the trouble-makers who landed at Plymouth over 350 years ago were the worse yet. Now I know better. Apples for white politicians don't all come from trees.

Great Wolf's Spirit
North Scituate, Rhode Island

BROTHER: Assalaamu Alaikum! Peace be with you. We the Sunni Muslims (Orthodox) love to read the NOTES. We pass it on to other good people. We have learned many things about our Indian brothers which we did not know, because our enemy has closed our eyes for so long.

We, the true Muslims want unity, so lets find a way.

Jose Gonzalez 28237
Comstock, New York

BROTHER: On September 16, we had 30 guests from California, Idaho, Oregon, and New Mexico here at a four-hour banquet. Letting those of us here know that we are not forgotten on the outside made the event a memorable occasion. Some of the guests said they receive your paper, so I only hope you will print this so that they will see we appreciate their participation.

We are unable to print our newsletter at this time because of lack of funds. But many of the brothers are getting together to donate their envelopes and what little funds they have to get out one more printing of Indian Archives.

Brother, there are 25 of us here who would like to receive your paper. From us to you, we wish you peace and happiness always. May the Great Spirit be with you always also.

Ralph Franco
California Correctional Center
Susanville, California

(We are glad to send the 25 papers each month. NOTES sends hundreds of papers to brothers and sisters in prisons without payment each month, part of the reason that we ask for contributions from readers who can afford to pay. Over a thousand books were sent to prisoners last year — we will match the contribution of any reader who sends in a donation for this special purpose. Remember the ones in prison when you place your book orders. The Editors)

ALLIANCE

I remember my bare feet returning
from the old swim pool
and can feel them slip
on smooth brick main street
Alliance you're the Sandhill sandwich
town with country fried chicken
pick your navel hospitality
Alliance you're so proud to be white
skinned church goin short haired &
somewhat dim
Bible School Boy Scouts and bigotry
are they still big there
Alliance I remember your American Legion
parades the children with uniforms
and wooden guns
and all those cans collected
for Indians on Christmas
the great Sioux slumping drunk
in your gutters
unending arrests subsequent suicides
four dead in the time it takes a life
to begin
AND I WON'T LET YOU FORGET
your victims
Joe No Leaf
Chillo Whirlwind Soldier Swolley
Gene Black Horse
Irene Blackfeather
not even Clarence Pumpkin Seed
the 25 times you locked him up
before they found him
frozen stiff in White Clay so
picture Chillo at 18 He's kicking
the waste basket
he's standing on
picture his bath towel necktie
picture Gene's thin leather belt &
Jo's wine stained sweatshirt
picture them dangling in your jail cells
after the've cut the bodies down
picture Irene coughing her lungs out
the cop who thought she was just drunk &
the doctor whose sleep
was more important than her life
then picture the agony of nails
pounded through the hands
of Jesus Christ.

— David Bunnell

sacrificial thought

in this concrete place
there are not spirit seekers
in this empty world
lie only false facts
sadly i will travel
among the confused seas
willingly i destroy my soul
and for what reason this

— Pineapple

HIGHLAND SONG

I don't sing
just to be singing
nor because
I've such a good voice

I sing
to shed the grief
I carry
within me
saves
?

— Brandi

Native Tongue

you with the funny sound to someone's ear
you that i understand
it's a welcome to hear you
you who is hardly known
even among your own people.
you who teaches me truth
coming from the heart.
the echo of our forefathers
you bring to us.
you speak from within.
my friend, native tongue,
i will not forget.

— vickie vigil



I SAW THE

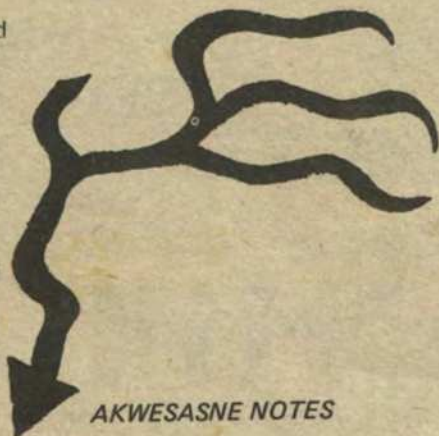
GREEN YUBA RIVER

FLOW

(following under manzanita
a clear sheer
deer & coyote path
beyond the rocks where the Maidu
people for centuries grinded acorns
in perfect mortars
dug out by use in granite
(diving in dizzy perspectives
opening hawks'
flight
on the sinuous dancing blue pines
among the yellow

I saw the Yuba river
flow
green winding down a single rapid
in angular shining
boulders
& I finally understood
what it means to
flow
without
edges

— Franco Beltrametti
8 / 11 / 72
(A Maidu Free Poem
from Paria



AKWESASNE NOTES

LOST & LONELY CHILD

lost & lonely child
stay with me awhile
you can be what you
want to be . . .
lost & lonely child
your eyes have the fire
of a thousand years
lost & lonely child
ride the winds of yesterday
new spring medicine
can be ours . . .
lost & lonely child
you are a woman
of a thousand years
lost & lonely child
smile your softest smile
sighing sounds of an
earthbound flute . . .
lost & lonely child
you are the beginning
of a thousand years

— Karoniaktatie

i am the fire of time.
the endless pillar
that has withstood death.
the support of an invincible nation.
i am the stars that have guided
lost men.
i am the mother of ten thousand
dying children.
i am the fire of time.
i am an indian woman!

— niki paulzine
(from Drumbeat)

When's the last boat to Alcatraz . . . ?

When's the last boat to Alcatraz?
I hear the fog horns and the lonely gulls
Who's skipper on that leaky tub, the Broken Treaty,
and what people drum and chant upon that turtle now?

It grows darker here, within this forest.
They try to tell me that my brother died.

I laugh and my laughter echoes,
through these redwoods
breaking inner light.

I laugh and laugh and hear a pistol shot,
which is a loose rock falling from the cliff
on Alcatraz.

A lone bear walks the wooded mountains
of Pomo country, of Pit River country.
A tall bear, whose anger is a sometimes
earthquake of

gentle thunder.

When's the last treaty being written?

It is ten seconds to America, 1976.

It grows darker still, as the sky eagle folds
those great wings upon my brother's sleep.

It is winter and the glaciers descend
upon the cities,
the harbors freeze over and the tug boat "Good Citizen"
is trapped between Alcatraz and myth.

It is cold and even the temperature of memory
slows its course.

The breath of that lone bear is snuffing loudly
among the giant redwoods.

When's the last boat to Alcatraz.

(It was so cold and damp,
so little food, the children's laughter.
That fog we remember out there. We played
shadow games.

Close to fire's heat, the drum's taut need,
and our need,

a warmth of dancing.)

Such strange visions upon that rock,
hey, yes,

these are tears,
at last.

Told never to say that name again, and,
told to dream of other islands.

Dreaming instead
of a bear
not lonely, but,

dancing slowly and heavily.

My brother, Stands Tall, his name,
now we wish his journey be in peace.

blue cloud

dec 1972